The Saturday Review

of Literature

APR 20 1934

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

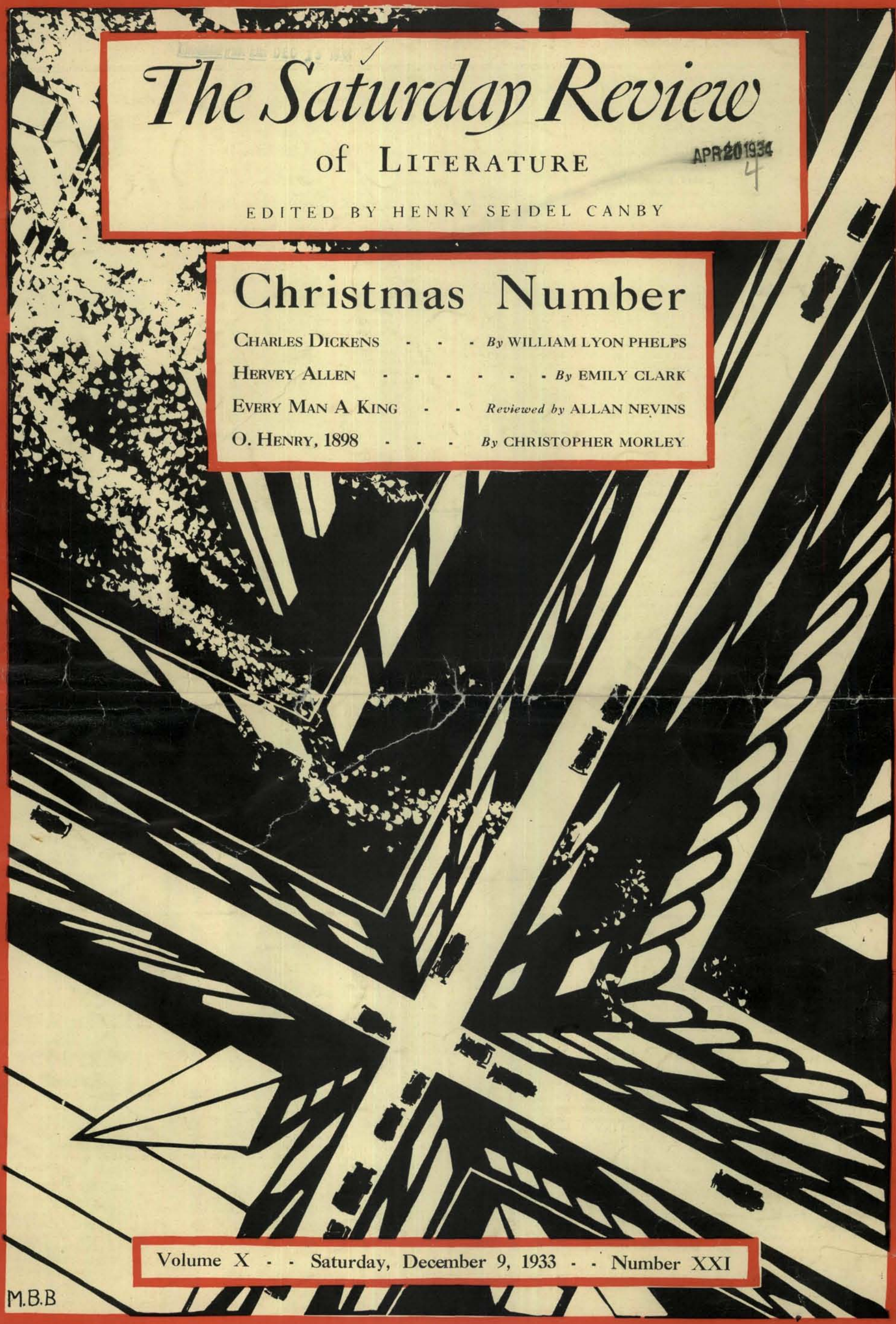
Christmas Number

CHARLES DICKENS - - - *By* WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

HERVEY ALLEN - - - - - - *By* EMILY CLARK

EVERY MAN A KING - - *Reviewed by* ALLAN NEVINS

O. HENRY, 1898 - - - *By* CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



Volume X - - Saturday, December 9, 1933 - - Number XXI

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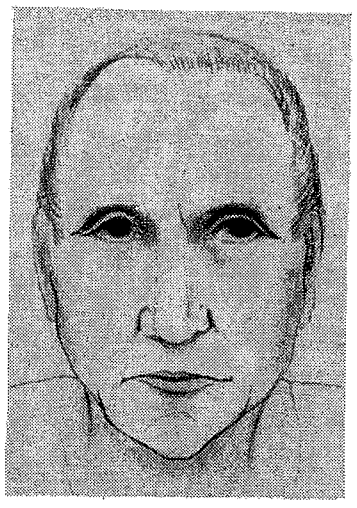

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biography

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1933 | NUMBER 21

MR. PICKWICK AT DINGLEY DELL
The famous Christmas party, as illustrated by Phiz.

Winston Churchill's Life of Marlborough

MARLBOROUGH, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By the Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1933. Two vols. $6.

Reviewed by ARTHUR LYON CROSS

A BOOK by Mr. Winston Churchill is almost invariably a literary event. He has not a few qualifications for writing the biography of one who was at once a sagacious politician, an able statesman, a brilliant diplomatist, and marvellous general, probably the greatest England has ever produced. Not only is Mr. Churchill a practised writer with unusual powers of vivid and forceful expression, but has himself had long and varied experience in the fields of foreign affairs, politics, and warfare. His enthusiasm for his illustrious ancestor, the target for such barrages of criticism, is almost unbounded, and besides fortifying himself by an extensive study of the sources and secondary works, both general and special, he has had the advantage of being the first to be allowed any extensive use of the Marlborough Papers at Blenheim.

On the other hand his political training has only served to accentuate his natural tendency to make out an effective case and to demolish his opponents. Macaulay, who handles the first Duke of Marlborough so roughly, arouses his bitterest ire. Admitting that Mr. Churchill has just grounds for resentment and has provided not a little evidence for rehabilitating his sorely traduced hero, he weakens his case by frequent outbursts of ferocity, insinuation, and sarcasm. He is a master of phrasing, but at times overdoes it. Thomas Huxley is reputed to have said that when he particularly fancied a smart passage he was apt to leave it out. Mr. Churchill might have profited by this advice in more than one instance; for example, where he writes: "We can only hope that Truth will follow swiftly enough to fasten the label 'Liar' to his (Macaulay's) genteel coattails," an assertion which has drawn from

(*Continued on page 323*)

Rebellious Titans

PROMETHEANS: ANCIENT AND MODERN. By Burton Rascoe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS book, a kind of complement to "Titans of Literature," is built around a good idea imperfectly executed. In the preface Mr. Rascoe implies that the reader is to keep in mind a Shelleyan conception of the Prometheans:

> The men and the women who have wrought warmth into the bleak terror of man's war against the elements, against his own nature, and against the imminence of death, have brought us out of a savagery that is now at least a savagery modified by an appearance of amenity. They have always suffered and their hearts have been torn out repeatedly by the spectacle of the cruelty men can inflict upon one another in their efforts to survive.

But the Prometheans prove to be Saint Mark (of whom more hereafter), Petronius, Lucian, Apuleius, Aretino (who was more skilful at tearing out the hearts of others than he was capable of suffering), Nietzsche, D. H. Lawrence, Dreiser, and James Branch Cabell. Nietzsche, Lawrence, and Dreiser may be among the children of the rebellious Titan, though of Lawrence Mr. Rascoe says frankly that he "was the most weakly endowed intellectually of the writers of major importance" in his time, but what shall we say of Cabell, of Petronius, the *arbiter elegantiarum*, of the Voltairean Lucian, of Apuleius who "rounded out his days in Carthage as a successful lecturer, special pleader, and man of letters"? Saint Mark scarcely appears in the sixty odd pages printed under his name—an essay more remarkable for its rambling inclusiveness than for the elucidation of Promethean fire. Surely there are other and better representatives of the Promethean spirit!

If the classification of authors is unsatisfactory, the essays are in handling equally uncertain. Lacking any important amount of biographical detail about Petronius, Lucian, and Apuleius, Mr. Rascoe has discussed their writings in a discursive way,

(*Continued on following page*)

Charles Dickens

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WHEN Christmas makes its annual appearance, millions of people think of Dickens. He was himself an incarnation of the spirit of Christmas and he did more to restore Christmas to English and American homes than any other agency. One reason was his respect for children. He never treated them with indifference or with grinning condescension. If they were in the room he knew it. He was the champion for all the children of the world as he was for the poor and the despised and the rejected. It is the final test of a gentleman—his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.

May God forgive me for it! But there was a time when I not only thought but unfortunately said that Balzac was a greater novelist than Dickens. I had just finished reading "Eugénie Grandet" and was in a glow.

The common people and the uncommon people have always heard Dickens gladly; but the vicissitudes of his fame among the critics would describe a curve so complicated that it would baffle the masters of that delectable science, Graphic Algebra. When I was an undergraduate, it was unpardonable to prefer Dickens to Thackeray; Dickens was an amusing caricaturist with a taste for tears and melodrama. Thackeray was a great genius whose biting satires could be appreciated only by those who had "background."

This had been, I think, the common view among critics during the fifties and sixties. Carlyle said "My wife has read Thackeray and he beats Dickens out of the world." One of the most fastidious of American critics said that Thackeray drove Dickens out of his head as one nail drives out another.

This is all changed today. Supported by a pedestal as wide as the world, the pillar of Dickens's fame o'ertops that of any other British novelist. John Galsworthy did not hesitate to say that of all the English novelists Dickens was the greatest; while the finest tribute to the genius of Dickens that I have ever seen is from the pen of George Santayana, the foremost prose artist of our time. I asked Mr. Santayana how it was, that he, who ought to have disliked Dickens, was so enthusiastic. And he replied that during the war, while he was in England, he took up Dickens and found he was the only author he could read. His essay is partly an expression of personal gratitude, a glad payment of a debt.

Men as unlike as George Gissing and Gilbert Chesterton have stood uncovered before this mighty genius.

Today there is danger that Thackeray's great novels will be underrated; it is something like a shock to find that the late Walter Raleigh in his letters called Thackeray a greasy evangelist.

I have just been looking through the advance sheets of Stephen Leacock's forthcoming "Charles Dickens." The book opens with a psalm of praise.

> One stands appalled at the majesty of such an achievement. In the sheer comprehensiveness of it, no writer in all the world has ever equalled or approached it. None ever will. The time is past.

It would be tragic if we were to have no more geniuses—if literary genius should be a thing of the past. But the words of Mr. Leacock are true:

> Dickens lived and wrote in a world that is visibly passing, the age of individual eminence that has given place to the world of universal competence.

This certainly applies to American literature. We have today no writer who compares with Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Poe, or Whitman. On the other hand, the level of general excellence is so much higher that it indicates the difference between childhood and maturity. The comparative levels are accurately expressed by the difference between the work of Lydia Sigourney and that of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Although the attitude of many individual readers toward Dickens is one of enthusiasm in childhood, of irony from the age of twenty-five to thirty-five, and of awe and wonder over fifty, there has never been any decline in his prodigious popularity with the world at large. One of the greatest bookshops in New York keeps up today a custom which has prevailed there for years. Among the new books lying on the long tables in the shop there are always to be found the works of Dickens.

> We have th
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> Dickens we k
> there are purchasers for his work every day. He is the only nineteenth century author for whom there is a steady demand.

Dickens had more sheer creative power than any other writer in English literature except Shakespeare; he may have killed himself lecturing, but I suspect that he, like Shakespeare, died in the fifties because he had burned himself out; he had exhausted his health in producing a succession of masterpieces. I do not at all agree with Mr. Leacock that there is any visible sign of this in Dickens. I have never disagreed with any one more than with him on the question of "Our Mutual Friend." Mr. Leacock thinks this book is a "weakling" among the author's children; that it exhibits throughout signs of complete exhaustion. Now I think that "Our Mutual Friend" exhibits no more indication of exhaustion than Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

For one of the most remarkable things in the career of this mysterious genius is

This Week

COVER DESIGN
Scissor Cut by MARTHA BRUERE

THE STRANGE LIFE OF LADY BLESSINGTON
By MICHAEL SADLEIR
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

MARY OF NAZARETH
By MARY BORDEN
Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

THE BIRD OF DAWNING
By JOHN MASEFIELD
Reviewed by Captain David W. Bone

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS
By AMY LOVEMAN

Next Week or Later

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
By LLEWELLYN POWYS

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that there was no dawn and no sunset—no gradual rise to eminence, no peak, and no decline. Of all the leading British novelists he is the only one who had a great reputation before he was thirty; at the age of twenty-four he was writing "Pickwick Papers" which many believe to be his greatest work and which all would include among the first four; while "Our Mutual Friend," the last of the finished novels, is the favorite book of thousands of his readers.

Dickens cannot be explained by any heredity or environment theory; everything was against him. Apart from his creative genius, where did he get that overwhelming vitality? To open any one of his novels is like coming from the bitter cold of a winter wind-swept street into a well-warmed and well-lighted house, filled with delightful people.

Nor does he resemble any other writer. It used to be a commonplace to say that Thackeray was like Fielding and Dickens like Smollett. Dickens is as much like Smollett as Wordsworth is like Swinburne. Think what the history of the English novel would be with Dickens left out!

Mr. Santayana has well pointed out the fact that Dickens knew the difference between right and wrong—a difference unperceived I think by many of our contemporary authors. Dickens's bad persons are really bad; they would be bad under any *mores*, under any social conditions; because his bad characters are always dangerous to the welfare and happiness and security of all with whom they come in contact. His good characters are really good because they are a blessing to others, even if in their meditations and conversations they are somewhat over-sentimentalized.

The robust heartiness of Dickens is too much for frugal folk; his characters never heard of reducing or dieting. They fall to with valor, and consume mountains of roast beef, vegetables, puddings, and they swallow gallons of beer and ale. Dickens describes these materials with detail. He describes gravy as our contemporary novelists describe what they call love.

In that blessed year of 1812 there were lusty English babies — Charles Dickens born in February, Robert Browning born in May. As men they resembled each other in their love of life, in their love of city streets, in their abounding vigor and zest.

It has always seemed to me unfortunate that they were not more intimate. There

DICKENS AND FORSTER
From a caricature by Doyle

was a time in their youth when with Forster and others they haunted the theatre-dressing-room of the great Macready; but Browning quarrelled with the actor over "A Blot" and never came into long close contact with Dickens again, though the two men were on cordial terms. It is my belief that if Forster had shown to Browning the letter that Dickens wrote to him on November 5, 1842, after the novelist had read the MS. of Browning's play, the two men would have become lifelong close friends. Dickens wrote:

> Browning's play has thrown me into a perfect passion of sorrow. . . . It is full of genius. . . . And if you tell Browning that I have seen it, tell him that I believe from my soul there is no man living (and not many dead) who could produce such a work.

DICKENS IN 1837
Drawing by Phiz (Hablot Knight Brown)

For some inexplicable reason, Forster never showed this letter to Browning, and the first time the poet saw it was after the death of Dickens, while he was reading Forster's "Life." He read it with amazement.

No doubt Dickens wondered why Browning never mentioned the letter, and perhaps Browning wondered why Dickens, etc. They would have been a marvellous pair, resembling one another in so many striking ways.

No writer except Shakespeare stands the test of rereading so well as Dickens. No matter how thoroughly you may think you know him, there is in every chapter what Henry James said there should be in every work of art—the double delight of surprise and recognition.

I think one reason for his greater eminence in our day is that we love the truth, we love reality, and no one except Shakespeare has given us persons who are so wholly and completely alive.

Suicides are usually inopportune; but was there ever a more striking instance than that of the original artist chosen to illustrate "Pickwick Papers"? The opening numbers attracted no attention from the public and, though probably not for that reason, he killed himself. Immediately after his death, Sam Weller was born, and all England went wild over his birth. His uniquity was instantly recognized and with him began the fame of Dickens—never to decay.

Of all the novels of Dickens, I like least "A Tale of Two Cities" because I miss his chief characteristics; and I have not very much enthusiasm for "Little Dorrit," for it is the only work of its author I find monotonous.

In the front rank of the masterpieces I place "Great Expectations," once more not in agreement with Mr. Leacock. What a magnificent first chapter!

I believe the two most fortunate events in the nineteenth century came in the same year.

Stephen Leacock's "Life of Dickens," to which Mr. Phelps refers, is shortly to be issued by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Evening

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

NOTHING has altered the slow ritual
Of evening in this country, her clear stars
Come quietly forever and the sea
Has the same sound along the breathing shore.
The wind that sighed among the hemlock branches
Grows vaguer with the dusk, and in the house
The lamps are lit and there are faces there
That Time has made familiar, though one face
Is missing now, Time will not bring again,
And one is newly welcomed. Earth sends up
Her voice of dreamy love out of the dark—
One voice in many voices. Gradual night.
Silence. The sorrowful mystery of things
Flows on forever. A little hoot-owl comes
Crying about the house his timorous cry,
His tender cry, that once you loved so well.

The Lady and the Dandy

THE STRANGE LIFE OF LADY BLESSINGTON. By Michael Sadleir. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

MR. SADLEIR, after furnishing us a satisfactory panorama of Bulwer, is more than ordinarily fitted to give us a full-length portrait of the fascinating Lady Blessington. To me the important thing he does at the outset is to explain satisfactorily what he says has never before been suggested, that "the capacity to relate emotion and physical sensation was terrified out of existence before the girl reached the age of sixteen." Indeed, the history of Sally Power, Margaret Farmer, Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, might have been cited in Stekel's "Frigidity in Women," where many examples with far more dire consequences are made case-histories. The father of Lady Blessington was both a ruffian and a fool. The first man she married was a thoroughgoing sensualist and materialist. Then comes the period when Captain Jenkins was kind to her, and the negligible, though always amiable Lord Mountjoy, to be created Earl of Blessington "for reasons so little obvious that they must have been financial," secured "an effective option on his future Countess." After their marriage, enter Alfred d'Orsay, "the Earl's fancy boy and protégé." Between a spendthrift and an exquisite was the beautiful Lady Blessington self-created, with as much sexual warmth as a marble statue, with marvelous charm and aplomb, with developed literary talent, with scandal hissing all about her in scandal's absurd and utterly ignorant fashion. She faced the music, won her own battles, and would permanently have triumphed, had not d'Orsay failed her. Then came her second facer, deadening the remainder of her life. As Mr. Sadleir puts it:

> In childhood half of her nature had been paralyzed by a man's brutal lust; the other half, late in the year 1831, was killed by the baseness and ingratitude of a mere trousered exquisite.

Lord Blessington's infatuation with d'Orsay had reached a point on the Continent where he put into his hands either of Blessington's daughters the other might elect, and insured to any issue of theirs the Mountjoy fortune. Both girls were children at the time but either was to be considered marriageable at the age of sixteen. Thus ensued "the disagreeable farce of marriage" that "turned Harriet Gardiner into the Countess d'Orsay." The extraordinary codicil to Blessington's will was "done at Genoa" in 1823, at the time when Lady Blessington had met Lord Byron and the Blessington entourage were idling in Italy. Six years later Lord Blessington died of an apoplexy in Paris, and scandal accompanied the return of Lady Blessington from long absence abroad to London.

When she established herself at Seamore Place and at first succeeded with her salon, enemies began intimating that (owing to the fact that Lady Blessington had insisted that the new Countess d'Orsay be a wife in name only for four years) Lady Blessington was d'Orsay's mistress, his young wife the dupe, and that her dead husband had long been cuckolded. Mr. Sadleir destroys this fabric of insinuation entirely through his deep understanding of all the principals in the case and his intensely reasonable argument. Then the relatives of Harriet d'Orsay moved to have her marriage annulled; she precipitously left her husband (thereby embarrassing their plans); D'Orsay stands open to a most unpleasant charge, and the upshot was that he completely forfeited Lady Blessington's former trust in him. As Mr. Sadleir shows, she had been blameless of any of the vile motives or actions imputed to her.

Lady Blessington fought for survival, and we enter into her period as authoress. We read N. P. Willis's description of her, note her friendship with Bulwer, her Books of Beauty, her "Conversations with Lord Byron," and follow her from Seamore Place to Gore House. She becomes a novelist and queen of Gore House, of which circle Louis Napoleon finally became an habitué. Aged and fatigued, Lady Blessington still sparkled. Then came d'Orsay's insolvency and the crash of Lady Blessington's credit. The sheriffs took the citadel. The sale realized more than enough to pay the creditors, and Lady Blessington departed for Paris where she died in her fifty-ninth year. "In losing her," said d'Orsay, "I lost everything in this world. She was to me a mother, a dear, dear mother, a true, loving mother."

So passed Sally Power. Mr. Sadleir's book is to be valued as much for his understanding treatment of d'Orsay, the last of the dandies, as for his unusually sensitive portrayal of Lady Blessington. He has written his book with a clarity, wisdom, and constant vivid interest that make it an unusual biography. Fascinating in its arrangement of characters as the true story is, the writer has never sacrificed truth to dramatic effect. In fact, he has taken that phase of the story hitherto most clothed in mystery, the happenings of the autumn of 1831, and through accurate research and luminous conjecture made a logical reconstruction plain. To me, for its matter, its manner of presentation, its lucid style, and combination of detached appraisal and saturation in the atmosphere of the time, this is one of the most interesting biographies of the season.

Rebellious Titans

(*Continued from first page*)

sometimes devoting whole pages to a summary of the plots of stories which they wrote. Nietzsche, concerning whom there is plenty of material available, is discussed in less than nine pages—a thoroughly unsatisfactory performance from a critic of Mr. Rascoe's reputation. D. H. Lawrence receives twice as much space, and, whereas Mr. Rascoe has hitherto in the book been mainly interested in literary production, his interest here is mainly in gossipy personal detail. The Dreiser chapter is better, but the essay on Cabell is again superficial. The most ambiguous essay in the book is, however, that in which Mr. Rascoe has assembled, but not fused, information about the ancient Jews, Roman rule, false messiahs, a *soupçon* of "higher criticism," and an interpretation of Jesus which oscillates between admiration for the personality of Jesus and a restless desire to be rationalistic and "free."

One does not look for scholarship in a popular book of this sort, but when in the field with which Mr. Rascoe is presumably familiar, one finds him writing that "Dreiser was the first American novelist to show men, boys, girls, and women in the process of earning a living under industrialism . . . [the first who] has given us novels showing not only men and women at work but also the interrelation of these various activities"; or, of "The Financier," that "it was the first picture . . . of an energetic, powerful, acquisitive, and sinister product of an era of greed and opportunity created by the rapid industrializing of the country," suspicion as to the thoroughness of his preparation will not down. Has Mr. Rascoe never read Frank Norris, Robert Herrick, "The Portion of Labor" or "Life in the Iron Mills"?

Mr. Rascoe's essays may get people to reading Lucian, his enthusiasm for whom I share, but it is difficult to think that they contribute importantly to our understanding of any of the figures discussed. Perhaps the best way to keep one's sense of proportion in this case is to speculate on what a writer like Havelock Ellis might have done with this title and this theme.

Apropos of the seventy-fifth birthday of Selma Lagerlöf, a correspondent to the London *Observer* writes of her first book "Gösta Berling's Saga":

> At the outset the book was received without enthusiasm in Sweden, because at that period, 1891, naturalism was predominant. In 1892, however, the book appeared in Denmark, and was warmly welcomed by the great Danish author and critic George Brandes; and when it was re-published in Sweden it soon acquired admirers.

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A Conjured Spirit

THE LIFE AND FRIENDSHIPS OF DEAN SWIFT. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

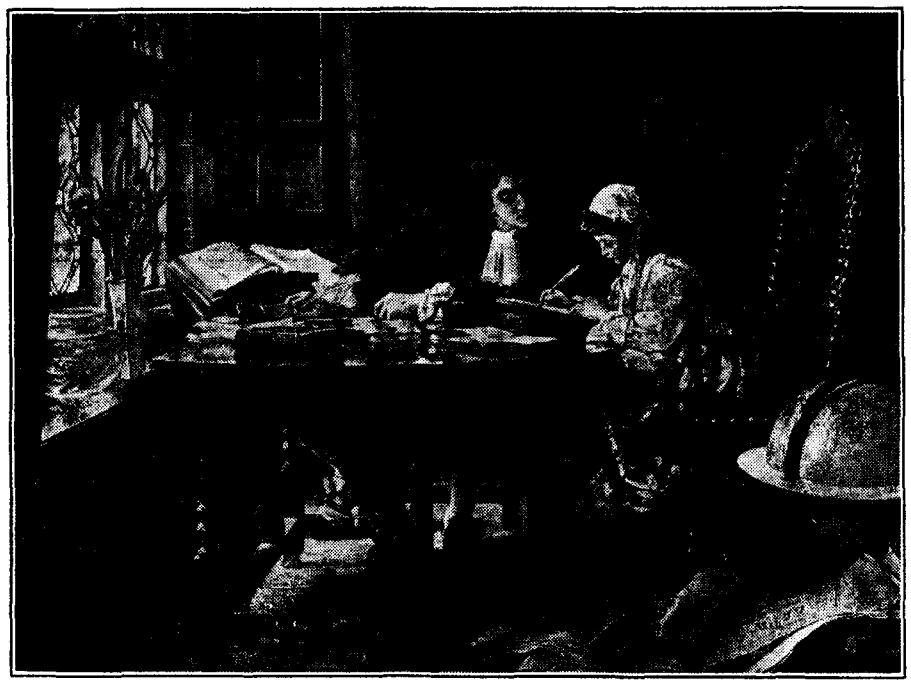
MR. STEPHEN GWYNN is to be complimented on his painstaking and pictorial presentation of Swift's life and friendships. It makes a readable story and will serve to take the place of the biographies by Sir Walter Scott and Sir Henry Craik which are no longer on general sale to the public. It is written with a fuller knowledge of the facts than was possessed by either of these earlier biographers, mainly owing to the material so ably marshalled by Mr. Elrington Ball in his splendid edition of Swift's Correspondence. It is written also with a kind of sympathy: "Those of us," says Mr. Gwynn, "who have lived much in Swift's company, receiving such communication as is possible through the stored-up utterance of the dead, hold him, I think, in veneration rather than affection." And this veneration Mr. Gwynn has for the consummate master of English prose and the strenuous vindicator of human liberty. The story is amply documented with lengthy extracts from Swift's letters and from his various writings both in verse and prose. These with Mr. Gwynn's running comments serve to compose a colorful panorama of Swift's public and private life which is reeled off as a cinema picture on a white screen.

We see the young man Swift, a dependent, living at Farnham as secretary to Sir William Temple and as tutor to the child Esther Johnson. We see him as the Laracor parson pruning willows and hedges and planting his garden. We see him again in England where he is now on a clerical mission, moving in the best literary and political circles, forming friendships with Addison, Steele, Prior, Arbuthnot, Harley, and Bolingbroke. He is deeply engaged as the pamphleteer-journalist for the Harley Administration. We find him dined and wined by the Lord Treasurer and Mr. Secretary and courted by dignitaries high and low both in the State and the Church. He is welcomed in the coffee houses of the wits as well as at the court circles of Windsor and London. The young man who scarce had stirred the bulrushes by his masterly satire of "A Tale of a Tub" has emerged from obscurity and is now a state counsellor wielding a pen of such consummately driving power that the life of the government of England is nourished and sustained by his hands. Apparently he asks for no recompense commensurate with his services, he but suggests that he would accept a clerical position which should assure him *otium cum dignitate* on English soil; if not a bishopric, then a deanery of Wells or Windsor. But though promises are made all are unfulfilled.

In intervals of leisure snatched from amid these political and social activities he writes to Esther Johnson in Ireland of what is happening to him and through him and of what he feels for her. These are the letters which have come down to us as "The Journal to Stella." In other intervals he meets another Esther—Hester Vanhomrigh, the tragic Vanessa of later days, and the occasions of their meetings are fraught with passion and pathos. Then comes the cataclysm of the fall of the Harley Administration and Swift, fobbed off with the Deanery of St. Patrick's, slips away to Ireland and exile to spend the rest of his life among a people he heartily despises. But we do not lose him in Ireland. He rises there in fresh might as The Drapier, the strenuous vindicator of liberty, and is acclaimed by the Irish people as their champion. Then for a time we catch only glimpses of him as he amuses himself with the new friends he has gathered about him in Dublin. Then is flashed before us a lurid picture of him in the company of Vanessa, who has followed him to Ireland, which fades out in a tragic dénouement. Then with the publication of "Gulliver's Travels" we see a universal fame beating, as Mr. Gwynn puts it, "at the doors of a deaf, diseased, and failing man . . . a man by his own choice lonely, and homeless." The last scene that ends this strange, eventful tale is too painful to witness and Swift passes on to where rage and resentment can no longer eat out his heart, giving the

> . . . little wealth he had
> To build a house for fools and mad;
> And show, by one satiric touch,
> No nation needed it so much.

All this is a twice-told tale and as Mr. Gwynn retells it, it loses none of its peculiarly fascinating interest. Yet his narrative, even with the sidelights of his comments, leaves his hero still unguessed at. The character of Swift, the man, remains what it has always been, a problem in human psychology, a problem which none of his biographers, with the exception of Mr. Carl Van Doren (whose suggestive study of Swift Mr. Gwynn does not even mention), has attempted to tackle. Neither veneration nor affection will help the psychiatrist in this particular analysis. Such attitudes will rather distract and mislead him. Nor do we explain Swift by labelling him selfish, egotist, misanthrope. He made many and lasting friendships with the most notable men and women of his time and he was ready to help when it was in his power. "You are the man without flattery," Pope wrote to him, "who serve your friends with the least ostentation." What was it then in this supremely gifted man that impelled him to expressions of such searing contempt of his fellow men? How are we to understand his relations with Harley and Bolingbroke when, though acquitting



SWIFT AND STELLA
From the painting by Herbert Dicksee

himself as their able and devoted champion, he is yet denied a fitting reward for his services and is left to pass out from the scenes in which he shone, a defeated man? How are we to explain his relations with the two women he undoubtedly loved, after his own fashion, but whom he involved in situations that brought suffering and agony to both? Was it, as Mr. Carl Van Doren argues, that Swift's fleshly body housed what a person of great honor in Ireland had early seen in him—"a conjured spirit"?

In future editions of this book, which surely must follow, Mr. Gwynn should correct a few bibliographical errors which have crept in. Swift's "Genteel and Ingenious Conversation" was published while Swift was yet alive, in 1738, not after his death. The "Miscellanies" were issued in 1732. The numerous corrections and additions Swift made to "Gulliver" which Mr. Gwynn assumes were included in the second edition, appeared for the first time with the prefatory letter in the collected edition of Swift's works begun by Faulkner, the Dublin publisher, in 1735. Motte, the English publisher of "Gulliver," may have had these corrections submitted to him by Swift's friend Charles Ford, but he did not use them until the printing of the fourth edition and, even then, only in part. Mr. Gwynn is not quite correct in stating that all Swift's writings were published anonymously, for his "Proposal for Correcting . . . the English Tongue," published in 1712, of which he was rather proud, bore his full name.

The Gospel Story in Mary Borden's Novel

MARY OF NAZARETH. By Mary Borden. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

OF all possible themes for the novelist, the story of Jesus is probably the most intractable. The general difficulties inherent in historical fiction are here enhanced a hundredfold. Whereas in dealing with contemporary material, the novelist may "look in his own heart and write" or trust to his own observation, in either case easily achieving a measure of spontaneity, this is not possible in treating of the past where he is embarrassed at every step by problems of fact, interpretation, and style. When to these limiting factors are added those imposed by religious reverence or reticence, with the crucial question of the supernatural fronting one at every turn, the task becomes almost insuperable.

It is evident that any novelist who takes the life of Jesus as his subject must at the outset make up his mind as to the meaning of that life. There are two clearly differentiated lines of approach, each compelling a distinct technique: the rationalistic, as used for example in George Moore's "Brook Kerith," which regards the New Testament figures as human beings subject to the same physiological and psychological laws as other humans, thereby prescribing a realistic method; and the frankly traditional, as in Wallace's once popular "Ben Hur," which accepts the literal truth of the Gospels and retells their story or portions of it in a consistently romantic manner. Mrs. Borden, in "Mary of Nazareth" has not quite been able to bring herself to do either. Avowedly, as a matter of personal conviction or of deliberately chosen method, she accepts the supernatural character of Jesus as it is presented in the Gospels; many of the most difficult miracles, such as the episode of the Gadarene swine or the feeding of the five thousand, are included in the narrative without a qualm. At the same time, the Virgin Birth with its prologue of angelic visitations is ignored, and throughout the early part of the book Jesus is presented merely as an idealistic youth devoted to his mother and his people, kind and courageous, in rebellion against the formalism of the elders and finally expelled from Nazareth on this account. With such a conception of him implanted in our minds, his later neglect of his mother is hard to accept. As the book goes on, Jesus becomes more and more a purely supernatural being. Occasional statements such as that he was "a joyous friendly man, fond of good company and the music and laughter of wedding feasts" ring less and less true, being unexemplified in the actual narrative. The final result, so far as the character of Jesus is concerned, resembles as a rather quaint anachronism those wavering biographies by Henry Ward Beecher and Canon Farrar that once delighted our parents or grandparents.

Mary, on the other hand, is a wholly human figure in Mrs. Borden's book, becoming, at least at times, a deeply moving and pathetic character. She is presented as an essentially timid, conventional person trapped in a revolutionary period. Proud of her eldest son in his youth, later horrified by his violations of the Mosaic Law and sufficiently under the coercion of her other children to be unable to accept his prophetic claims, she remains a mother to the end, failing to understand her son and often fearing him but never wavering in her love and tenderness. The strongest portion of the book is that which describes her long journey to Jerusalem in a last effort to save him, and her arrival only in time to hear his condemnation and behold his crucifixion. Had Mary dominated the entire volume, as its title would lead one to expect, it would be a much more satisfactory work. As it is, there are long stretches wherein she sinks into the background and the reader forgets about her in his perplexity over other matters.

There is a similar uncertainty in style. A generally successful attempt is made by the author to preserve the dignified manner of the King James version sufficiently modernized to avoid the appearance of artificiality, but there are not a few passages that remind one of the decadent romanticism of John Ruskin:

> For she became known in time as the Mother of God, and shrines were built to her all over the world, and many candles, millions and millions of candles, still burn day and night in her many shrines.

Mary Borden's attempt to rescue the mortal woman hidden by the Mother of God is meritorious and interesting, showing at times subtle imagination, but it demanded a unity of design and a humanizing of the entire Gospel narrative which the author has been unable or unwilling to present.

A Sailor's D[illegible]

THE BIRD OF DA[illegible]
Masefield. New Y[illegible]
Company. 1933. $2.[illegible]

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID W. BONE

THERE is perhaps no British newspaper more widely quoted by the press of the United States than *The Manchester Guardian*. I wonder if American readers have ever noted the character of the "nor'west" column in the back page of that journal. It has been aptly termed a "literary births" column by reason of the number of eminent English authors who were born into good black newsprint there. I can recall a very marked day in my casual reading when I noted J. M. as signature below a short article, "A Raines Law Arrest." I was sufficiently interested to search some back files in the *Guardian* office and found an article about "able whackets" and "Ambitious Jimmy Hicks." (Readers may look these up in "A Tarpaulin Muster," Masefield, about 1905.) I was a young sailor then, just out of square rig, and it seemed to me that the writer put the sailorman down in his habit as he lived and used the right terms of sailor speech; the truth of the pattern to real sea life delighted me. Shipshape. Sailor fashion. Ambitious Jimmy Hicks who sunk his shipmates by being fussy over the turn of a half-hitch!

And now, in this year of grace, comes "The Bird of Dawning" that might have been written about the same time as the twenty or more articles in "A Tarpaulin Muster." It is the kind of story that a young sailing ship officer might conjure up in day-dream, its theme that of superseamanship resulting in substantial award for the salvaging of a gallant ship. It has a "Swiss Family Robinson" atmosphere and a misunderstanding seaman might call it a chronicle of ocean miracles. I can hazard a guess that Mr. Masefield projected it as a book for boys, and he will indeed be a fortunate youngster who can call a copy his at Christmas time, but there are passages in it that show the source from whence came such magnificent prose as his Introduction to the Dent edition of "Marco Polo."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 21.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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The Market for Sentiment

Sentiment, they say always when Christmas approaches, is bound to come back. The hard-boiled era will pass. Violence will again become chivalrous. Oaths and ugly short words will melt again into the tears that "rained" or "trickled" on every few pages of the old-fashioned novel. Has Christmas-card poetry yielded one berry to the cult of the cynical, the skeptical, and the hard?

Yes, but what kind of sentiment will come back? The sentimental anarchism of Governor Rolph of California? The sentiment of gangsters who buy silver coffins for their dead? Or is "come back" the word? Isn't sentiment like the gulf stream, always flowing, but varying in temperature throughout its blending and interchanging layers?

The spectacle of a vast audience drawn into Radio City from the hard and brittle New York crowd, to sniffle and sob over the pastoral comedy of "Little Women," in a Concord which to many of them must be almost unimaginable, is not after all particularly significant. The honest sentiment of that famous book was an emanation from the great middle class that made the nineteenth century great. It was part of that bourgeois mentality which Croce praises as the source of all true progress in the last century, and the Marxists condemn. Its fine flower could bloom only in such a refined and enriched soil as Concord provided.

The upper middle class made the great success of "Little Women" when it was published. All that is happening now is that the lower middle class, with its inflow, so characteristic of America, from the classes that never read at all, has reached the necessary intellectual level. The axiom, that in every decade several eras co-exist simultaneously, is true in this instance. Audiences at Radio City, and still more truly at thousands of little movie theatres all over the country, are new recruits to an old emotion. They are not the audiences Louisa Alcott wrote for; like a grade school they have come up to take the place of a vanished class.

Vanished, that is, in the sense that Louisa's readers today are hot after Hemingway and Faulkner, or Galsworthy and Walpole, according to their taste, or chuckling over *The New Yorker*, or gone economic with Walter Lippmann and Stuart Chase.

What sentiment will do to them, when and if it recaptures their emotions, is the really interesting literary question. What will Christmas cards be like when they write them? We hazard the guess that only in the work of a few style-conscious authors—such as, in America, Elinor Wylie and Thornton Wilder, diverse though they seem,—can prophecies be discovered. When sentiment comes back to the highly civilized, the pattern will not be that of the nineteenth century melodrama or the novel of tears and happy endings. Our recent obsession with mathematics, with design in painting and sculpture, with eighteenth century novels, all seems to indicate that the pattern will be classic, proportioned, restrained, poignant by the beauty of order not disorder,—Collins, and Pope of "The Rape of the Lock," not Shelley, not Scott, not Dickens, not James Whitcomb Riley, will be parallels.

Sentiment is human nature's daily food, and if it is suppressed in one direction will surprisingly gush out in others, as can be seen in contemporary Germans who can be brutally Prussian and almost mawkishly sentimental in the same speech. What we do with it has a psychological importance which cannot be dealt with here. In literature it takes that form which the creative spirit gives it; and if the creative spirit is busy elsewhere, the old favorites are revived for uncritical audiences; and when creativeness begins again to deal with the softer emotions and sophisticated men and women discover that it is a pleasure to weep, they may gush like the Victorians or tear passion to tatters in the Byronic fashion, but are much more likely to find a new pattern which, it is our bet, will be in the classic mood. "Little Women" is only a revival; the New Sentiment will be discovered by some lucky writer who will promptly make his fortune and put an end to the era that Ibsen began.

The *Gleichschaltung* of the German actor is now under way, and the theatre in Germany is about to be placed at the service of National Socialist ideas. As in Russia, the drama is to be made a means of bringing the people to think in the terms which the Nazis desire. The German actor's function, according to reports, is to be "to transform the national stage into a temple of German art." The theatre is to be "heroic and classical, . . . the German writers must speak again to the German people." The Propaganda Ministry which announced these objectives, it need hardly be said, will see to it that the speech is only that which meets its own requirements, not the unfettered desires of the people.

"THEY MUST THINK WE STILL LIVE IN A DUPLEX."

To the Editor: *A Celebration for Stevenson*

Anniversary of R. L. S.

Sir:—When R. L. S. came to California in 1888 and chartered a yacht here, it was necessary that he remain a few weeks until the *Casco* was fitted out for a long journey to the South Seas. During that waiting period, R. L. S. went on a short fishing and hunting trip across the Bay in Marin County. I was fortunate a few years ago in finding one of the men who accompanied R. L. S. on that little unrecorded jaunt and from the information given by this old ex-sailor, an interesting little story was written.

I always celebrate November 13th in some fashion, even if to only take a good drink of rum, and this year, the eighty-third anniversary, a few Stevensonians celebrated by meeting at the Stevenson monument in Portsmouth Square and holding a little ceremony there at 1:30 P.M. After the hanging of a wreath and the ceremony, we went to the waterfront and boarded a yacht and followed the exact cruise that Stevenson had taken in 1888. When we reached our destination, we had quite a ceremony and returned to the City at seven o'clock in the evening. We then proceeded to a newly equipped room of one of our leading hotels and partook of a Stevenson dinner and the necessary refreshments. Here another prearranged program, strictly Stevensonian, was carried out.

FLODDEN W. HERON.
San Francisco, Cal.

Reminiscences of Poe

Sir:—Pertinent to the Reminiscences of Poe recently noticed in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, may I pass on a brief recollection?

My father, Dr. James Davenport Whelpley, who died soon after I was born, was co-editor and part owner of the *American Whig Review* when it published "The Raven" and "Ulalume." He had a rare opportunity to study Poe at first hand.

Being a doctor he said with authority that Poe suffered constant great pain at the base of his brain; that it was to deaden this agony that he took stimulants.

My mother who died recently at the age of 91 told me that my father often spent evenings with Poe at his lodgings discoursing on literature and listening to him read from his manuscripts. To quote from my mother: "One evening he brought out a poem he was still working on. It was a stormy night, the rain beat on the window, the dimly lighted room was littered with books and papers, Poe paced the floor and read in a weirdly beautiful voice 'The Raven.'"

PHILIP B. WHELPLEY.
Newport, R. I.

News from Buncombe County

Sir: A book of wide interest to North Carolinians has just been privately published in Asheville. It is the first volume of Dr. Foster A. Sondley's voluminous history of Buncombe County.

Dr. Sondley, a literary eccentric who died at his home in Asheville about a year and a half ago, bequeathed to the Pack Memorial Library in that city his entire private library of approximately 40,000 volumes. The collection, believed to be one of the finest in the South, contains thousands of volumes of North Carolina and Confederate history. Several thousand dollars and more than a year's time were consumed in cataloguing the vast assortment of books. . . .

Since the NRA has generously presented the thousands of industrial workers in this section of the country with a bountiful supply of leisure time, there is some evidence of an effort on the part of the enlightened few to interest this "liberated" mass of people in reading worthwhile books. There is no doubt that it will be a difficult and often discouraging task, but we are glad to report that a beginning has been made, thereby opening up a field which presents, it seems to us, some of the finest imaginable possibilities.

BEN E. ATKINS.
Gastonia, N. C.

The Editors Recommend for Christmas

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES
New and cheaper edition. Oxford University Press. (If any one will give me this I will waive all other claims.)

Henry S. Canby

THE SNOWS OF HELICON
By H. M. TOMLINSON (Harpers)
Reviewed August 12

THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE
By RALPH ROEDER (Viking)
Reviewed December 2

THE FARM
By LOUIS BROMFIELD (Harpers)
Reviewed August 19

STARRY HARNESS
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT (Duffield & Green)
Reviewed December 2

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH
By VERA BRITTAIN (Macmillan)
Reviewed October 14

HAPPY DAYS
By OGDEN NASH (Simon and Schuster)
Reviewed October 21

Amy Loveman

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES
By LYTTON STRACHEY (Harcourt, Brace)
Reviewed November 18

FLUSH: A BIOGRAPHY
By VIRGINIA WOOLF (Harcourt, Brace)
Reviewed October 7

THE CHAMBER MUSIC OF BRAHMS
By DANIEL GREGORY MASON (Macmillan)
Reviewed May 27

ORDINARY FAMILIES
By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON (Doubleday, Doran)
Reviewed September 23

THE FAULT OF ANGELS
By PAUL HORGAN (Harpers)
Reviewed August 26

George Stevens

NOTES ON A CELLAR BOOK
By GEORGE SAINTSBURY (New edition)

ON READING SHAKESPEARE
By PEARSALL SMITH (Harcourt, Brace)
Reviewed September 16

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH
By VERA BRITTAIN (Macmillan)
Reviewed October 14

HAPPY DAYS
By OGDEN NASH (Simon and Schuster)
Reviewed October 21

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES
(Oxford University Press)

DREAMTHORP
By ALEXANDER SMITH. World Classics Series (Oxford University Press)

Christopher Morley

RABBLE IN ARMS
By KENNETH ROBERTS (Doubleday, Doran)
Reviewed October 14

THE STRANGE LIFE OF LADY BLESSINGTON
By MICHAEL SADLEIR (Little, Brown)
Reviewed in current issue

NO MORE TRUMPETS
By GEORGE MILBURN (Harcourt, Brace)
Reviewed September 30

COLLECTED POEMS
By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (Macmillan)

HOMECOMING
By FLOYD DELL (Farrar & Rinehart)
Reviewed September 30

COLLECTED PROSE OF ELINOR WYLIE (Knopf)
Reviewed December 2

MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES
By James Thurber (Harpers)
Reviewed November 18

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES
By DOROTHY PARKER (Viking)
Reviewed November 4

William Rose Benét

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Hervey Allen

BY EMILY CLARK

And subtle viols shall light
Her magic feet
With gleams of song upon
A gypsy dance,
Like far-off music down
A city street,
Romance.

THIS was my first word of Hervey Allen. It is the end of a poem called "Portentia," which we published in *The Reviewer* in Richmond in May, 1922. In the light of a comet called "Anthony Adverse" now trailing the literary sky, I have read again some old copies of that little magazine. I find in our contributors' column that Mr. Allen at first absorbed just three lines: "Hervey Allen is the author of 'Wampum and Old Gold'—a recent book of verse—of many poems in various magazines, and a member of the Poetry Society of South Carolina, for he lives in Charleston." That was all we knew of him in May, 1922. That he was born in Pittsburgh, I did not know until later, because he helped to found the most vital and significant of the Southern poetry societies, and because, with DuBose Heyward, some of his earliest poems were bred by the South Carolina Low Country.

I did not meet him until several years later in New York. He loomed very large and blond in the doorway of a crowded room where a tea was being given for DuBose Heyward in celebration of "Porgy." Mr. Heyward said: "That's Hervey." I said, rather inanely: "I didn't know he was so tall." We met that winter a number of times, and he told me that he was Southern only by choice, and for a few years. He had been wounded in France, with results still to be reckoned with, and had gone to Charleston because he liked the climate and the people. He arrived there in time to assist in the romantic movement now known as the Southern Literary Renaissance, a movement and a period towards which all of us who were connected with it look back with affection, and a mixture of melancholy and mirth. He was then teaching at Columbia University, and was giving notable Sunday breakfasts in his Riverside Drive apartment. These breakfasts were copious, like Hervey Allen's size, conversation, and books. There were fried chicken and waffles and coffee and beer, and an enormous amount of talk, most of it good. I remember an Easter Sunday there, when the atmosphere within was heightened and excited by the atmosphere without—the gayest sunshine and the highest wind of any Easter in my memory. And Hervey Allen was saying that he would some day write a life of General Lee. I wonder if he still intends to write it. But his next prose was "Israfel."

Later he went from Columbia to Vassar where he married one of his pupils, Ann Andrews. To her belongs the unique accomplishment of typing three whole and separate copies of "Anthony Adverse," in addition to running a plantation in Bermuda and bringing up their small daughters. When I was told of this I realized why Mr. Allen sharply remarked in his last book that Anthony's first wife never thought of her colossal domestic duties as a "job," but merely as a natural expression of herself, and part of the essential routine of living.

"Anthony Adverse," despite its romanticism, is a more personal book than many realistic novels, for its author has lived a life almost as vigorous and as various as that of his hero; the life that most men secretly want to live. He studied at the Naval Academy in Annapolis until illness compelled his honorable discharge; he was in business in Pittsburgh; he served on the Mexican Border and in France. "Toward the Flame" is his war-time autobiography. He holds that his novel is modern, rather than a revival, because travel, movement, and picaresque adventure are more characteristic of our day than of any past era. He was amused when a celebrated critic wrote to congratulate him on having resurrected and revivified an old form of literature, with his wandering hero, and in the same letter announced that he himself had spent the last year in Germany and was about to depart for the South Seas. Mr. Allen says that James Joyce has especially influenced him. However, unlike the Joyce imitators, he admires his presentation of the huge range of human nature rather than his style.

"People are tired," he has written lately, in a long, intimate, and peculiarly illuminating letter to one of his most trusted and congenial friends, "of incomplete and inadequately phrased experiences, of shallow books about abnormal people and neurotic experiences with which they have no general sympathy, and do not need to have a technical understanding of, phrased in constipated staccato style. They are tired of the superficially smart and of the abnormally esoteric form of novel.

"Above all they are tired of the prime assumption of all modernists, conveyed directly or indirectly, both in criticism and in their attempted works of art, that there is something very different about modern times from all other times. People who try to live on that assumption, I notice, generally come tremendous emotional and economic croppers, and people who write on that assumption have never been able to tell us just what the difference is."

"Anthony Adverse" has been so frequently compared with "Don Quixote," "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random," and "Gil Blas," that it is interesting to hear from its author that he has not read some of these books at all, and has not read the others for years. He has also written to the same close friend that "Anthony Adverse" was partly conceived as he watched the automobiles "rolling along the roads full of people with an enormous amount of leisure on their hands, looking restlessly and remorselessly for some place or some thing—for something which they cannot find." As he, too, Mr. Allen continued, "rolled along the roads to nowhere a spacious background is available for spacious living. He is comfortable, casual, and gregarious. These qualities make him, beyond most writing men, a born host. He is sometimes unconventional, though not deliberately so. He is quite likely to show up at a formal dinner in tweeds, or at an informal supper in tails. And when this occurs he is as much surprised as anyone else. He is also quite likely to be late. His manner is gentle and deceptively lazy, since he is an appallingly active person. The Gargantuan scale upon which he lives, moves, and has his being must make him at times a trial to those around him. He hates suburban life, by which he means all of the life that we erroneously call country life today, near New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or any of our larger Eastern cities. He likes plantation life, or really remote countryside, where his friends can visit him and sit up all night, discussing the world and drinking beer; surrounded by horses, dogs, children, and a lovely wife who runs the place easily and well, and does not consider it a job. He seems likely to achieve this ambition. His life in Bermuda at "Felicity Hall" was plantation life, and he spent there the five years that "Anthony Adverse" was in the making. A longhand manuscript of the book exists, and was bought before publication by a woman who believed in it so completely that she was willing to pay for it before it acquired an actual, commercial value.

Mr. Allen talks well, but his wit is Johnsonian and Rabelaisian rather than wisecracking. However, the apparent laxness of his six feet four inches, the slowness of his manner, and the fact that his garments are at times slightly awry, make it easy for those around him to talk well also. He was an athlete until wounded, but beyond that he does not care for set or planned diversions. He has taken his work seriously and believes firmly in it and in himself. In the old Charleston days, and at the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, he used to argue with his dismayed friends for "bulk" in literature. He occasionally gave teas—for he has been always hospitable—for the Southern writers in the colony, and some of my friends there used to write me about his eccentric literary beliefs. Literary bulk was unfashionable in the early nineteen twenties. He has triumphantly proved his point.

HERVEY ALLEN: *from his latest photograph.*

Even his warmest admirers did not expect him to become a sensational best-seller. It is quite possible that he himself expected it, although he did not say so. He has been always serene, always confident. I have never seen him nervous. He has said that one of the key passages of "Anthony Adverse" is the description of the Madonna in Chapter Two, the Madonna from which Anthony was never parted. I do not suspect Mr. Allen of secretly carrying a Madonna about, but he quite clearly has his own means of support. Part of it, at least, he has beautifully communicated in "Anthony Adverse."

MARLBOROUGH AS A YOUNG MAN

Life of Marlborough

(*Continued from first page*)

Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan a dignified rejoinder in the *Times Literary Supplement*. While admitting that his great uncle was misled by defective sources and by strong prejudices, he at the same time feels that he was never wilfully a liar.

The facts regarding the darker sides of John Churchill's character and career are well known: that he was the lover of Barbara, Lady Castlemaine, a mistress of Charles II; that he received money from her, which, instead of spending in riotous living, he prudently invested; that his sister Arabella was the mistress of James II who became his patron; that he deserted James for William; that after James had taken refuge with Louis XIV he entered into communication with him, and disclosed military secrets with the design of returning to favor in the event of a Stuart Restoration.

Amidst a host of denunciatory critics Marlborough has not lacked apologists, among them the late Lord Wolseley and J. Paget, whose "Paradoxes and Puzzles" is now almost forgo
that Mr. Churchill
and effective. His re
haustive, and he has
friend and foe alike on not a few points. The two volumes thus far published go only to 1702, the year of the beginning of Marlborough's greatest achievements. The present writer pictures his hard, poverty-stricken boyhood, from which he emerged with three indelible impressions: hatred of poverty and dependence; the need of keeping his own counsel; and "the importance of having friends and connexions on both sides of a public quarrel." He maintains that there were only two women in Churchill's life, Barbara and Sarah. He insists that his relations with the former were not primarily mercenary while admitting that he received money from her. To Sarah, as is well known, he was devoted till his death. While thrifty and keen on getting money, he was never successfully charged with bribery, and he was capable of more than one generous action: he renounced his reversion to the family estate; he married for love a girl without property; he settled generous portions on his daughters; and he helped the needy on occasion.

Perhaps the most valuable part of the present work is the searching criticism of Macpherson and Dalrymple and the brilliant completion of the critical appraisal, begun by Ranke, of the "Memoirs" and "Life" of James II. It is shown that the Jacobite spies and exiles were prone to exaggerate the closeness of their connection with the leaders at William's court and the extent of their revelations in order to secure military aid from Louis XIV. The argument to prove that the so-called "Camaret Bay Letter" betraying the Brest Expedition "is a fabrication and that no such letter exists or ever existed," is acute and convincing. Making allowance for all too many gusts of temper and a certain amount of special pleading, this is the most thorough and painstaking rehabilitation of Marlborough that has ever appeared.

* *

Arthur Lyon Cross is professor of history in the University of Michigan, and author, among other books, of "A History of England and Great Britain."

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One of Our Conquerors

EVERY MAN A KING. The Autobiography of Huey P. Long. New Orleans: National Book Co. 1933. $1.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. H. L. MENCKEN, in resigning the editorship of the *American Mercury*, remarks that if American civilization has multitudinous blots and defects, it is at any rate richly entertaining as a spectacle. So it is. That is one reason why we need, and have developed, our extraordinary sense of humor. Among our infinite varieties of asininity, charlatanry, demagogy, rascality, massidiocy, and all the rest, it is hard to decide which special segment furnishes the most diversion. Much might be said for a particular group of our ecclesiastical practitioners; much for some of the pedagogical crew; much (if we were not temporarily so angry) for the Ponzis, Wigginses, Charley Mitchells, and others of finance; much for Hollywood; and so on. But no doubt careful observers would agree that the most lushly varied, bizarre, exasperating, and yet amusing spectacle, to the philosophic mind, is furnished by our cheaper politicians. Other nations often produce weird specimens among their crop of political leaders. But what country can come anywhere near our roster? —our Big Bill Thompsons, Jim Watsons, Len Smalls, Jimmy Walkers, Heflins, Ma Fergusons, Huey Longs, and all the rest?

For Huey Long unquestionably belongs in this category. Writing in the *Atlantic* not long ago, Frank Kent ranged him with Big Bill Thompson as a political monstrosity; and this was more than a little unfair. Ex-Mayor Thompson never did anything constructive save under compulsion, and rarely did anything decent, while Huey Long has done much that is constructive and on several occasions has shown genuine courage for the right. But he is a part of the circus-parade line in politics none the less. With his corn-pone and pot-likker, his proposed Senate bill on jewsharp playing, his swagger and endless string of vulgar quips and stories, he has clowned his way to notoriety. At one moment in his career he has been in the press for punching a New Orleans reporter on the nose; at another for receiving a German consul and naval officer, to their great dudgeon, in pajamas; at a third for being impeached. Red-headed, heavy-set, stubborn-jawed, he is a cyclone of energy. Sometimes his energy has been exerted in the right way for the right object. But usually it has resembled a playful cyclone, or thunderstorm, or young earthquake, gone drunkenly on the loose with rather fearsome results.

In a brief vacation from politics, after resigning from various Senate committees in a spasm of rage at his colleagues, Mr. Long has now tossed off a 350-page autobiography which takes its title from the formula for redistributing wealth which it contains. He had good reason for writing the book. For one thing, it is probable that he is right in saying that he has often been misrepresented. For another, he had a dramatic and striking story to tell. Since he made his first race for governor nine years ago his life has been crowded with events. He is perhaps capable of writing an interesting book. As Senator Joe Robinson recently said, he possesses "a quick, bright mind that grasps everything that comes within range of his contemplation, and many things that do not come within range of anybody's contemplation." Unfortunately, he has fallen decidedly short of the mark he wished to hit. The book gives us a good impression of his confused mind, his explosive, headlong personality, his incessant and stubborn activity. But it does not make proper use of the materials he had at hand for an exciting and persuasive tale. Despite its frequent special pleading, it does not really do him justice.

His beginnings should excite sympathy. His father was a small farmer; one of nine children, he grew up among the people of the cotton patches and cane brakes; he toiled early and late, and at the age of ten made his first attempt to run away. Others have told us that on a wage of thirty-five cents a day he bought Scott, Shakespeare, and Victor Hugo, that he memorized whole chapters of the Bible, and that as a lad he once offered to bet ten dollars that he could recite all of "The Pilgrim's Progress." He himself recalls some early struggles that may be called heroic. He tramped from Oklahoma City to Norman, Okla., with fifteen cents in his pocket, to enter the State University. He worked as a travelling salesman. In 1914, having married, he entered Tulane University Law School, studied night and day, completed a three-year law course in one year, and was admitted to the bar. Probably he did not know much law, but he started practising in a $4-a-month office, with three lawbooks and nothing else. Gradually he obtained clients, and he boasts that he "never refused a case." In a few years he was running for Railroad Commissioner, winning over four competitors, and beginning to lambaste the Standard Oil in Louisiana in behalf of the small taxpayer.

It is here that the confused character of Senator Long's book becomes an impediment. He gives many facts, not infrequently with footnote citations of lawsuits and statutes. He repeats many of his conversations. There is an air of candor about the story. But it often comes out in an incoherent rush, and those who have followed the author's career will usually find darkness just where they most wanted light. Thus he muffs the account of his first campaign for governor in 1924. This initial race was run too soon, while he suffered heavily from the Ku Klux Klan's muddying of political waters. A Catholic named Hewet Bouanchaud was nominated from the Southern part of the State; the Klan, assisted by the New Orleans Ring, put up a candidate named Fuqua; and religious antagonisms ran high. Long and his third ticket were pushed to one side while Fuqua won. He muffs also the account of his struggle with the Standard Oil, and with the man whom he asserts to have been its tool, John M. Parker. We are never given a clear understanding of just when and how the Standard Oil gained its grip on the politics of Louisiana.

Long made the governorship in 1928 with a smashing majority of 45,000 over his nearest competitor in the Democratic primary, and forthwith began upsetting precedents. Not since Reconstruction days had Louisiana witnessed so stormy a period. His opponents assure us that within a short time his derelictions richly fitted him for the penitentiary. They assert that he took fees from the road contractors, that he blackmailed the Standard Oil, that he plunged both hands into the State Treasury, that he bribed legislators, and that he even resorted to personal violence. His legion of friends assert that he proved himself the best executive the State ever had, fearless, incorruptible, and far-sighted. There can be no question whatever that somehow under his administration many needed works were accomplished. In this book Long claims all the credit, publishing numerous pictures of the public edifices he built. He describes with special relish how he bankrupted the erectors of toll-bridges by putting up free State bridges right beside them. He confesses that his methods were sometimes high-handed—but they produced results. About costs he says almost nothing.

But even here he does not always bring out the full story of what he did. A number of pages are devoted to his campaign for free textbooks. But he does not indicate anywhere that since Louisiana is part Protestant, part Catholic, free textbooks strongly involved the religious issue. The Protestants who dominate the northern part of the State are against any State aid to parochial schools, and have embedded a suitable prohibition in the State Constitution. The Catholics who dominate part of the southern area are loyal to their parochial schools. Governor Long wished free textbooks for the benefit of poor families. He therefore prepared and drove through a bill for distributing State textbooks to *children*—not to schools; and although his own Baptist Church denounced the law as an indirect grant of State funds to parochial schools, he saw it upheld in the courts. Justice Brandeis indeed praised its provisions. Incidentally, the governor took pains to saddle the cost of the books on the oil corporations!

Naturally the volume gives much space, in its verbose, cluttered fashion, to the impeachment of 1929. With a little more clarity, these chapters would have been intensely interesting; and with a good deal less bias, they might have been very illuminating. The whole affair, Mr. Long indicates, was a dark conspiracy of oil magnates, toll-bridge speculators, disappointed political rivals, and venal New Orleans editors. He had called the legislature in special session to tax the refineries. Instead, it turned about and tried to depose the best friend the people ever had. But since Long had at one time remarked that "I am the constitution," there may have been good grounds for objecting to some of his acts. However this may be, he spiked his enemies' guns with amazing celerity and thoroughness. While they were gleefully counting their supposed three-fourths majority of the upper chamber, he persuaded fifteen Senators, or more than one-fourth, almost overnight to sign a round-robin stating that under no circumstances would they vote for conviction. The impeachment proceedings instantly collapsed.

Strangely, the Senator says nothing in his autobiography about the remarkable Sam Irby affair. Its true character, as treated in the newspapers, has been so dark that we should welcome a little information. Sam Irby was alleged to possess certain unhappy secrets of Long's dealings with the Highway Commission. He suddenly disappeared; and Long's enemies declared that he had kidnapped Irby to prevent his appearance before a grand jury. The Senatorial election was approaching, and a terrific pother was raised. On the night before election Long made a radio address, and promised a great surprise. He then introduced Irby himself, who told of being taken for an airplane ride by the Governor's attackers, and of having been paid $2,500 to make false accusations against the Governor. Long closed the speech by remarking: "Listen, there may be smarter men than I am, but they ain't in Louisiana."

The Senatorial election of 1930, which thus far represents the climax of Long's career, was a remarkable affair. Every daily in the State was against him; so was almost every weekly. Long had only one newspaper, his own *Louisiana Progress*, but he printed as many as a million copies of some issues. He was pitted against the veteran Joseph E. Ransdell, hero of many political battles. The New Orleans politicians made every effort to defeat him. Yet by incessant campaigning, delivering a speech in almost every community, he carried the State by 38,000. Then he took the degree of LL.D. at Loyola University, helped Hattie Caraway win her election as Senator from Arkansas, and moved on to the larger field represented by Washington.

So much for one of our conquerors. In a lighthearted mood we may reflect that Louisiana in these years of Huey Long has been an interesting spectacle, an addition to the gaiety of the nation. But Senator Long inspires some thoughts that are not so lighthearted. It is clear that he is a man of very remarkable gifts, and that he has sometimes exercised his power in a healthful if ruthless fashion. But it is also clear that he is unbalanced, vulgar, in many ways ignorant, and quite reckless, and that he is a most dangerous type of leader in a democracy. If he were a unique or rare specimen he would be nothing to worry about. But the dismaying fact is that we produce so many like him, that they are so constantly rising to at least local and temporary power, that they seem to represent so abiding a flaw in the stuff of the nation.

Colonial Houses

GREAT GEORGIAN HOUSES OF AMERICA. Published for the Benefit of the Architects Emergency Committee. New York: The Kalkhoff Press. 1933. $20.

THIS sumptuous volume, with its excellent introduction on eighteenth century architecture both here and in England, was issued by subscription for the purpose indicated in the title, and is now on general sale.

It is a book that any library table should be proud to hold for its intrinsic beauty, but that statement, alone, is most unfair to the book, which is an architect's companion and a supplement to courses in architecture as well as a book of beautiful pictures. Here we have a selection of the best Colonial houses of America, either drawn or photographed, or both, with plates of ornamental detail, plans, landscape designs, gates, ornaments, interiors by rooms, careful descriptions—in short what the architect needs as well as what the curious in architecture like to see. It is an impressive volume, which in a country where houses are torn down almost as fast as they are built, can still show this range of beautiful homes from Georgia to Maine, the best, and almost the last, visible evidence of the civilization from which we sprang. One could wish more houses from the Middle States, especially Pennsylvania, but if this is a lack, the inclusion of many that have not appeared in ordinary popular manuals makes up for it. And one must particularly commend the clarity of the plans and the sharp and revealing character of the photographs of interiors, in which the very details of the pictures on the walls can be studied.

This book should be standard. Few projects with a philanthropic intention reach such a level of return to the investor.

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From "Great Georgian Houses of America"

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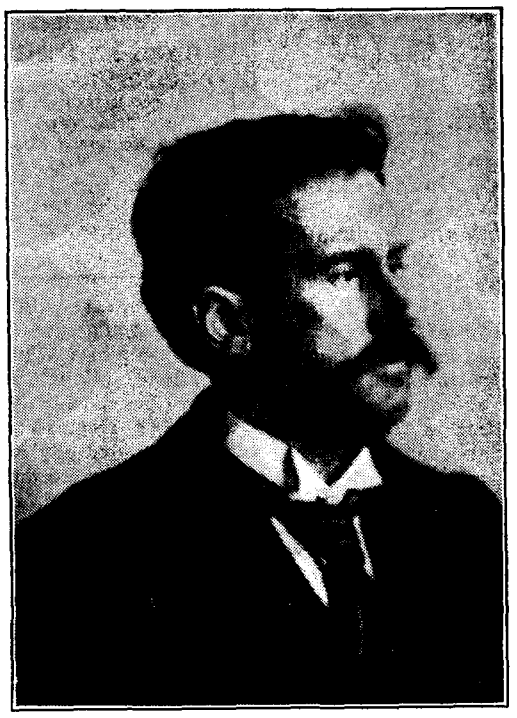
The Bowling Green

O. Henry, 1898

OLD QUERCUS, our eccentric colleague, sometimes uses in his discourse homely parables which require apology. Recently he found himself in Cleveland on a Trade Survey, accompanied by Eddie Ziegler, traveler for a large publishing house. When Quercus, desiring to make mannerly impression on the customers, put on his new ropecoes he found them too slack about the midriff. They had been bought in haste, without careful alteration. Evidently a pair of suspenders was going to be necessary — something which Old Quercus, by meridian increase, has not used for many years. Mr. Ziegler courteously offered his own; but explained that he himself would need them that night for his evening breeks. "Oh, that'll be all right," said the old trouper. "I won't need them then; when I squeeze into my dinner jacket I'm absolutely rigid." So they arranged it, and Quercus wore the hoist by day and Mr. Ziegler at night. But Mr. Ziegler, a man of delicate sensibility, was embarrassed when Old Quercus in his public appearances insisted on using the episode as a starting-point for his talk, maintaining that it was a symbol of the oneness and mutual support of author and publisher. Such intimate reciprocation, he declared, was vital for both Business Man and Artist. It was idle for one to chide the other for differences in purpose and temperament. Sometimes the artist reproaches the business man for not having created a stable and prosperous world in which the writer need worry about nothing but his writing. Sometimes the business man deplores the artist's unpractical truancy from obvious fact. Both these expostulations, cried Old Quercus, are vain. Let publisher and author remember they are both wearing the same suspenders. "Yes," replied Charley Jackson, Cleveland's delightful Scotch bibliophile, "and both draped on the shoulders of the bookseller." Meanwhile Mr. Ziegler, looking very handsome in his dinner clothes, was blushing gently.



O. HENRY IN 1898
(*Hitherto unpublished photograph*)

Every day, Old Quercus was wont to declare, should be (if we are alert for its suggestions) an artistic whole; it should have its unity of plot; its rise, climax and denouement; should supply just the analogies we need. The ambiguity of the suspenders was at once confirmed by two succeeding glimpses which emphasized the endless paradox of living. Passing through a maze of rearward alleys on the way to the Hermit Club in Cleveland, the visitors were struck by a sign that seemed significant. It said simply, SHORT CUT TO EUCLID. How helpful that would have been in the days of schoolboy geometry, Old Quercus thought. But in Cleveland, by constant habit, Euclid is thought of only as a street, not as a mathematician. Perhaps as much as anyone he was the founder of our modern world, but he is the Forgotten Man. (There are two reasons for forgetting anything: one, because you never see it; two, and more usual, because you see it everywhere.) Was it some old surveyor, triangulating the Western Reserve, who named his base line for the patron saint of exactitude? There's another philosophical term that Old Quercus always notices in Cleveland, it has something to do with real estate or hereditaments, the *Cuyahoga Abstract*. There is something rich and strange about that phrase. A whole school of contemplation could be founded upon it.

The thought of Euclid, the exquisite logic and rationality of his demonstrations, his temerarious axioms and postulates—magnificent in the pure world of thought but how difficult among the compromises of fact — "Let it be granted," he cries, "that a straight line may be drawn from any one point to another point"; well, try to draw a straight line from Al Smith to Father Coughlin —caused pondering old Quercus to think that perhaps what we need are more Euclids; more direct and logical thinkers; more sensibility to the pleasures of severe deduction. He remembered Edna Millay's fine sonnet: "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare." He imagined the old geometer ravished by the beauty of the circle; stupefied by the anxiety as to what happens to parallel lines. He became, for the moment, a very Puritan of thought; thinking the gross world well lost for an orderly analysis of plane figures.

At that moment (he was in Gordon Bingham's office at Burrows Brothers on Euclid Avenue) there were siren and shout in the street; looking outward, he saw an enormous motor bus, preceded by police escort, go swiftly by. A huge thing, long as a Pullman car, all gray enamel and silvery trimmings. He only saw it in one instant flash, but the legend painted on it, incredible enough, was DAMASCUS TO BAGHDAD. Can these be towns in Ohio, he wondered? But no; the next day an item in the *Plain Dealer* (another fine name, by the way) reported that the vehicle was on its way to Hoboken to be shipped to Beirut, then to begin regular service across the Syrian Desert. And a whole vision of the Arabian Nights rose in his mind: fishermen and brass bottles and jinni (spelling doubtful, but you don't have to spell a thing when you just think it) and kalendars and kaliphs and viziers, dark alleys and whispers and veiled figures exhaling musk, white hands plucking at sleeves, stairways in soft Eastern shadow, come up and see me some time, and his (Old Quercus's) wavering spirit forgot the austerities of plane geometry and the Cuyahoga Abstract. There are other curves besides the circle, and Caliphs as well as Euclid have looked on beauty bare. He might have "moaned" (like Reggie Fortune) to coordinate two notions of life so confusingly and suddenly opposite. He went about his affairs, resolving secretly to have another look at the poems of James Elroy Flecker.

In another middle-Western city he greatly enjoyed a certain hotel: a gorgeous pile of misdirected zeal. It's hard, he told me, to convey his impression without seeming stupidly satiric. He loved the place. It was what it was, riotously and unashamed. Only architects and decorators of enormous vitality could have accomplished anything so splendidly wrong. From the tiny fat bellhop in scarlet uniform (tight as Quercus's own dinner jacket) to the bedrooms crowded with purple and green chairs, antimacassars, lace curtains, parchment lamp-shades, French prints, walnut wardrobes, dressing-tables, mirrors, salutations and gadgets, everything was ornate, wholesale, exuberant. It was the emblem of an epoch when America went cul de sac: bursting with back-pounding cheer, heaping physical on physical, color on color, gravy on potato, Astoria on Waldorf. There were too many Spanish grills, oil paintings, vases, plush settees, potted ferns, panelled lobbies. There was too much olive and gold uniform on the elevator girls; too many clerks, counters, complications. The male guests seemed (God forgive him for thinking so) unnecessarily large, stout, broad-beamed, blond, crop-haired, clean-shaven, Nordic. There was innocent flamboyance about everything. Perhaps he was alarmed about it because he is too much like that himself—though he always insists that his very soul (if you can get at it) is dark and sombre, of the Celtic fringe. Those people who are all mixed up with paradoxical contrasts are always odd fish. Or perhaps he was feeling low and broody as he always is (I've watched him) when he knows he must presently face the impossible ordeal of public talk. For if he tries to blurt out the sort of things that keep his mind happy, people conclude (indignantly) that he's mad; if he tries to be politely agreeable they damn him as a trifler. But it's hard, he told me rather grimly, to tell secrets in a loud voice.

But about that hotel: I hope I have him right: he gave me the impression that he loved it, and only feared that some day the management might get the idea that something was wrong and try to change it. It can't be changed, he cried; it *mustn't* be changed. It is what it is and no fooling. It's a monument; and you know what a monument is; a reminder.

* *

Since Old Quercus was so happy in that hotel I'll leave him there. I want to speak of something different. I visited the prison where O. Henry once lived.

It's in the heart of a big town. Outside, from the front, it looks at a casual glance almost like a pleasant old-fashioned factory. You don't see, at first, the watch-tower and the grim side-walls. What do they manufacture in such places? Penitence? You need not expect here any final word on the matter. Men have worried themselves about it for many centuries, and have made some progress. Perhaps the old sentimentalism about punishment —"It hurts me more than it does you"— is so. Perhaps it hurts society more than the offender.

The first thing you see in the entrance is a sign: POPULATION TODAY: *White* 2872, *Colored* 1418, *Yellow* 2. One's first thought was, yesterday the total was 2 more. Two men had gone to the chair the night before. Of that total, 4292, only 49 are Jewish. That struck me as interesting. When a man goes to the pen only three things are important. They are lettered on a little board on his cell beneath his name. His number, his religion, and does he use tobacco. QUERCUS, 515907, P, T, would mean he's a Protestant and smokes.

In the main entrance there are barred fences, one within another. They are beautifully gilded, but they are bars no less. Even the nozzles for tear-gas, unobtrusively located in the side walls and pointing toward the door to the prison yard, are gilded.

The Warden's office is pleasant and friendly; something very institutional about the chairs; paintings and ornamental screens done by prisoners. One of these an illuminated broadside of IF—Kipling's name not mentioned. Many prisoners take to literature, the Warden's kindly daughter told us; one has made $7000 selling stories to pulp-magazines. But plagiarism is frequent.

The Warden is a conscientious man in a hard job. He does not sentimentalize it. He lent me a photograph never published before, of O. Henry when he entered the prison. He did so with some reluctance, wishing to be sure that no one's feelings would be hurt if it were printed. I assured him that every lover of O. Henry thought of his prison sentence, probably unmerited, and heroically borne, as the greatest triumph of a great life. But the officers have little opportunity for gentle musing. They know, or remember, the job is thankless and dangerous. There are guns in the Warden's desk.

In the yard, that bright autumn morning, were squads of men, in gray uniform, marching to and fro, in quick lockstep shuffle. Keep them moving, keep the squads separate, seemed to be the idea. In the center of the great open space is a statue of Omphale which puzzles everyone. Omphale, it appears, was the queen whom Hercules served and for whom he acted as handmaid. Does this symbolize the supremacy of reason over brute force? The men, marching by, scan visitors curiously. The visitor does not, if he is sensitive, return the gaze too closely. After all, he wonders, their mistakes may not have been much worse than mine.

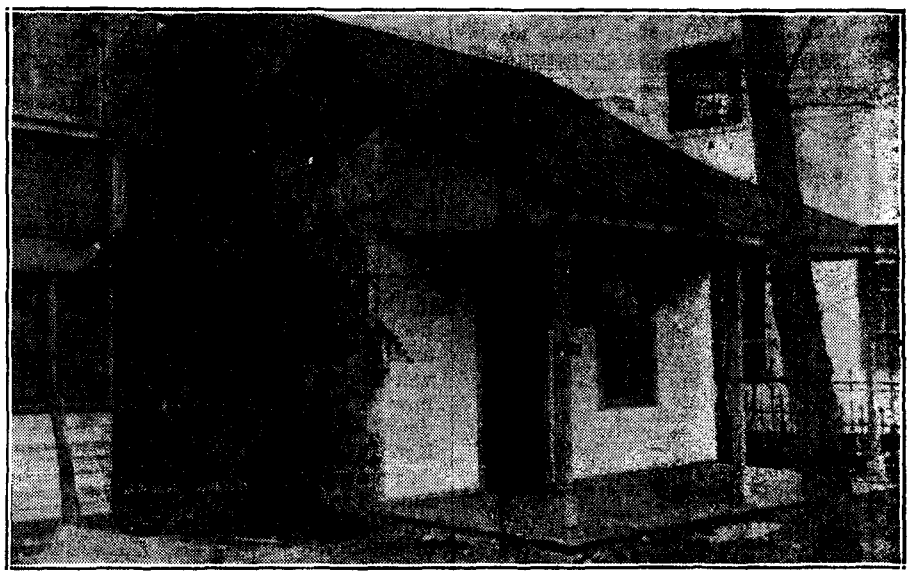
But you don't sentimentalize.

The prison hospital, the same where O. Henry worked as night-clerk [illegible] macy, is a relief. The presc[illegible] now partitioned off from th[illegible] is sunny and professional. P[illegible] of those drug-bottles are the same he knew. At the back is a shelf of books. One old volume caught my eye: could it be the same pharmacopoeia in which Will Porter is thought to have taken his pseudonym from the name of a French druggist? It was Cooper's *History of Surgery*, published I think in the 1840's. I glanced through it: in the back, written in pencil were alternative spellings of several words—*decide, deside*, etc. But I don't think it was O. Henry's hand. And O. Henry was a good speller: you remember that Webster's dictionary was his favorite reading on the ranch in Texas.

The "ranges" as they call them—the great cell-blocks—were like vast bird-cages; towering tier on tier, four men to a cage. They were empty at that moment; the men were out for exercise. In the great mess hall there's a sign at each door: EAT SLOWLY, CHEW YOUR FOOD.— There's plenty of time. About 600 are there for life.

It does no harm for the easy reader of detective stories to have a glimpse of the other side.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



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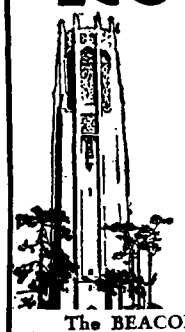
TOWER LEGENDS



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Books for Christmas

By AMY LOVEMAN

"A MERRY Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo there! Whoop! Hallo!" We shouldn't have thought of quoting Scrooge it it hadn't been that a picture of Mr. Pickwick at Dingley Dell on our first page, and the article on Dickens holding pride of place beside it, induced us to turn back to "A Christmas Carol." Goodness knows, the poor old world needs to wake up like Scrooge and find the sun shining and the shadow of things that might have been dispelled. But it isn't our business now to philosophize about the world or snatch snippets from Dickens, but to recommend books for Christmas. And we must buckle down to our task at once, for our list is long, and time is fleeting, and printers are importunate. That list we talk of we're going to wind about the boxes containing groups of recent books selected by certain of our contributors as representative of their own likes and desires. To those selections we're appending the dates on which reviews of the volumes mentioned appeared in the *Saturday Review* during this year of grace, 1933 and of the Great Depression, the fourth. Moreover, we're throwing in quotations which may or may not seem useful as "sentiments" if you're dispensing with regular Christmas cards as accompaniments to your gifts. And now, having finished our explanations, we're off to business. "God rest you merry, gentlemen, may nothing you dismay."

First for your friends, the lovers of art. "Art still has truth; take refuge there," might well apply to them. If you want books for them you might select from among Julius Meier-Graefe's "Vincent van Gogh" (Harcourt, Brace), brought out now in a trade edition; "Rockwellkentiana" (Harcourt, Brace), by Rockwell Kent, which in its own phrase consists of "a few words and many pictures"; "This Side of Jordan" (Ballou), a volume for which Julia Peterkin has supplied the text of plantation folklore and Doris Ulmann photographs of striking beauty; "Fine Prints of the Year" (Minton, Balch), edited by Malcolm C. Salaman; "The Technique of Manuscript Illumination" (Yale University Press), edited and translated by Daniel V. Thompson, Jr.; Lynd Ward's "Illustrations and Designs for 'Frankenstein'" (Smith & Haas) and the same artist's "Prelude to a Million Years" (Equinox Coöperative Press). In addition, if your artistic friend is a person who appreciates lovely felicity of expression and a noble thoughtfulness, get him H. M. Tomlinson's "Snows of Helicon" (Harpers), a poor novel but a notable book, rich in overtones and filled with an idealist's yearning for beauty and truth.

"Of all noises," said Dr. Johnson, "I think music the least disagreeable." Your true music lover will smile or resent the *bon mot* as accords with his temper. Dryden's "What passion cannot music raise or quell?" may fall in more nearly with his mood. At any rate, he should be glad to get for Christmas Richard Specht's "Beethoven as He Lived" (Smith & Haas) and the same author's "Giacomo Puccini" (Knopf); David Ewen's "From Bach to Stravinsky" (Norton), a history of music in which each composer is presented by the best available authority; Volume VII of the "Oxford History of Music" (Oxford University Press), by H. C. Colles, and "Operatic Mirrors" (Dial), by Edward Downes, a record of twenty-five glamorous first nights. But perhaps your friend's "an ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellow," who would like direction in listening to music? "How to Hear Music" (Dial), by Pitts Sanborn, or Marion Bauer's "Twentieth Century Music: How to Listen to It" (Putnams), or, if he gets most of concerts by means of the radio, "Music on the Air" (Viking), by Hazel Gertrude Kenscella ought to please him.

If you want to enliven your package by sending him a novel with a musical background there's one to be had in the Harper Prize Novel by Paul Horgan, "The Fault of Angels," which presents in thinly veiled guise patrons and performers of music in Rochester, New York.

Poetry, according to Carlyle, is Musical Thought. "Why then," in the words of Silas Wegg, by a natural transition, "we should drop into poetry." What's to be had for the lover of poetry? Plenty of books, to be sure, beginning with such collections of poems as William Rose Benét's "Starry Harness" (Duffield & Green), "The Selected Poems of Archibald Macleish" (Houghton Mifflin), "The Winding Stair and Other Poems" (Macmillan), by William Butler Yeats and the same poet's "Collected Poems" (Macmillan), this last a volume containing some of the most distinguished poetry of our day. Then there's the posthumous "Strange Victory" (Macmillan) of Sarah Teasdale, Winifred Welles's "Blossoming Antlers" (Viking) and Lizette Woodworth Reese's "Pastures and Other Poems" (Farrar & Rinehart). If it's a long narrative poem you want there's Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Talifer" (Macmillan) and Robinson Jeffers's "Give Your Heart to the Hawks" (Random House), the first an interesting story though not Robinson's most distinguished work, and the second not its author's grimmest. It isn't only poetry however, that your poetry lover wants to read, but books about poets as well. Give him then "The Unpublished Letters of Samuel T. Coleridge" (Yale University Press), edited by Earl Leslie Griggs, or Frances Winwar's "Poor Splendid Wings" (Little, Brown), an account of the Rossettis and their circle; Virginia Woolf's charming "Flush" (Harcourt, Brace), ostensibly the story of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's spaniel but in reality all the much more that a Virginia Woolf would make it, or, finally, Michael Sadleir's "The Strange Life of Lady Blessington" (Little, Brown), a biography of Byron's friend. So much for your poetically minded friend.

Now for him who is a lover of history. "History, after all," according to Carlyle, "is the true poetry." And "histories," said Bacon, "make men wise." Well, at any rate there's small difficulty in finding something to meet the taste of the lover of the past, and you can easily spice his more sober chronicles with fiction. If he's interested particularly in American annals you could send him "The Letters of Grover Cleveland" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Allan Nevins, which would nicely supplement Mr. Nevins's own Pulitzer Prize winning biography of last year, "Grover Cleveland" or Bernard Fay's "The Two Franklins" (Little, Brown), a study of Benjamin and his grandson, Benny Bache; or Mark Sullivan's "Over Here" (Scribners), the latest of his volumes on "Our Times," covering the World War years. Anybody, young or old, it seems to us, ought to enjoy the clever biographies of American celebrities which Stephen Vincent and Rosemary Benét have collaborated on in "A Book of Americans" (Farrar & Rinehart), but perhaps no one would more appreciate them than the history lover. If that same history lover wants his American annals in fiction form, send him Roark Bradford's "Kingdom Coming" (Harpers), which, to our taste at least, is one of the best novels that exist on the plantation negro of Civil War days, or Kenneth Roberts's "Rabble in Arms" (Doubleday, Doran), a lively romance tied up to the fortunes of Burgoyne's army. Then there's Louis Bromfield's "The Farm" (Harpers), which should interest the historically inclined friend whether he takes it as fiction or as the actual saga of a pioneering family in the Middle West carried down to the present. Perhaps, however, it may be that your friend of the historical proclivities prefers reading of lands not his own. Why not give him Winston Churchill's two stout volumes on his ancestor "Marlborough" (Scribners), or Benedetto Croce's "History of Europe in the Nineteenth Century" (Harcourt, Brace), Harold Nicolson's "Peacemaking" (Houghton Mifflin), an account of the Versailles Conference, or "The War Memoirs of David Lloyd George" (Little, Brown), the first two volumes of a projected four

(*Continued on page* 328)

A Novelist's Choices

COLLECTED PROSE OF ELINOR WYLIE (Knopf)
Reviewed December 2

THE ANATOMY OF CRITICISM
By HENRY HAZLITT (Simon & Schuster)
Reviewed October 7

SPECIAL DELIVERY
By BRANCH CABELL (McBride)
Reviewed April 8

NEVER ASK THE END
By ISABEL PATERSON (Morrow)
Reviewed January 7

FLUSH: A BIOGRAPHY
By VIRGINIA WOOLF (Harcourt, Brace)
Reviewed October 7

THE FARM
By LOUIS BROMFIELD (Harpers)
Reviewed August 19

Ellen Glasgow

Books About Music

TWENTIETH CENTURY MUSIC
By MARION BAUER (Putnams)

FERRUCCIO BUSONI
By EDWARD J. DENT (Oxford University Press)

FROM BACH TO STRAVINSKY
Edited by DAVID EWEN (Norton)

THE GOLDEN AGE OF OPERA
By HERMAN KLEIN (Dutton)

THE MUSIC OF BACH
By CHARLES SANFORD TERRY (Oxford University Press)

CLAUDE DEBUSSY
By LEON VALLAS (Oxford University Press)

Carl Engel

A Poet's Selections

COLLECTED POEMS OF W. B. YEATS (Macmillan)

POEMS
By STEPHEN SPENDER (Faber & Faber)

THE STRANGE LIFE OF LADY BLESSINGTON
By MICHAEL SADLEIR (Little, Brown)
Reviewed in current issue

THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE
By RALPH ROEDER (Viking Press)
Reviewed December 2

Horace Gregory

Recommendations of a Historian

HISTORY OF EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
By BENEDETTO CROCE (Harcourt, Brace)

KARL AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
By RUDOLF BRUNNGRABER (Morrow)
Reviewed November 25

Charles A. Beard

From a Biographer

THE DAWN OF CONSCIENCE
By J. H. BREASTED (Scribner)

ENGLAND'S ELIZABETH
By MILTON WALDMAN (Houghton Mifflin)

EXPLORERS OF NORTH AMERICA
By JOHN BARTLET BREBNER (Macmillan)

THE RISE OF THE CITY
By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER (Macmillan)
Reviewed March 4

CECIL RHODES
By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN (Harpers)
Reviewed September 9

THE AMERICAN PROCESSION
By FREDERICK L. and AGNES ROGERS ((Harpers)
Reviewed October 28

Allan Nevins

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A Literary Guild Selection

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Your Christmas shopping list

*For*_____

Quiet, conservative. Reads Atlantic and Yale Review.

Decatur: PRIVATE AFFAIRS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. (Newly discovered and important records.) **$5.00**

JOURNAL OF GAMALIEL BRADFORD. (Burton Rascoe calls it one of the great diaries of the world.) **$5.00**

Jusserand: WHAT ME BEFELL. (Reminiscences of the Golden Years of Diplomacy.) **$4.00**

*For*_____

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Phillips: THE SPORTSMAN'S SECOND SCRAPBOOK. (With forty pictures by A. L. Ripley.) **$4.50**

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Waldman: ENGLAND'S ELIZABETH. ("Brilliantly successful."—Dr Canby.) **$3.50.**

*For*_____

Likes adventure stories. Reads Literary Digest and Saturday Evening Post

LaFarge: LONG PENNANT. (A gorgeous sea story by a Pulitzer Prize Novelist.) **$2.50**

Williams: THE CLOCK TICKS ON. (The outstanding new mystery story.) **$2.00**

Sabatini: THE STALKING HORSE (By the Prince of living story-tellers.) **$2.00**

For children of 6 to 10

Perkins: THE NORWEGIAN TWINS. $1.75

Phillips: RIDE-THE-WIND. $1.75

Morton: WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO. $2.00

White: WHERE IS ADELAIDE. $1.75

Lynch: "I'M BUSY" $1.50.

All illustrated

For boys and girls of 11 to 15.

Kyle: THE APPRENTICE OF FLORENCE. $2.00

Allee: ANN'S SURPRISING SUMMER. $1.75

Williamson: AGAINST THE JUNGLE. $2.00

Palmer: THE ODYSSEY, illustrated by Wyeth. **$2.50**

All illustrated.

Fill in — take to your bookstore

*For*_____

Enjoys a good novel. Reads Harper's and Good Housekeeping.

Barnes: WITHIN THIS PRESENT. (Even better than her Pulitzer Prize novel, "Years of Grace.") **$2.50**

Warner: PLEASURES ANI ACES. (Gay sketches of ho **$1.75**

Heseltine and Dow: GOOD COOKING. (The new guaranteed cookbook.) **$2.50**

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Cultured, likes to travel. Reads Vogue and Saturday Review.

Ickes: MESA LAND. (All about the Southwest.) Lavishly illustrated. **$3.00**

Yates: BALI: Enchanted Isle. (Exotic travel.) Lavishly illustrated. **$3.00**

Chapman: SHE SAW THEM GO BY. ("Absorbingly interesting."—N. Y. Times). **$2.50**

*For*_____

Sophisticated, somewhat literary. Reads Time and New Yorker.

Mordell: QUAKER MILITANT. (Whittier in the light of today.) **$3.50**

Sitwell: THE ENGLISH ECCENTRICS. (English wit at its best.) **$4.00**

Jarrett: NIGHT OVER FITCH'S POND. ("An unbeatable climax."—New Yorker.) **$2.50.**

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Books for Christmas

(*Continued from page* 326)

which are now available. Ralph Roeder's "The Man of the Renaissance" (Viking) is a volume which should interest a variety of readers with its pungent portrayal of four great figures of the Quattrocento, Savonarola, Machiavelli, Aretino, and Castiglione. If you want to send the enthusiast for European history lighter fare along with the more weighty books add such novels as Joseph Roth's "Radetzky March" (Viking), with its unforgettable picture of *der alte Kaiser;* Herbert Gorman's "Jonathan Bishop" (Farrar & Rinehart), a tale which is not particularly successful as a novel but well repays the reading because of the vividness with which the background of the Franco-Prussian War and the siege of Paris is woven in. Finally, you may have a friend who prefers reading of ancient times rather than of later. If so, send him Naomi Mitchison's "Delicate Fire" (Harcourt, Brace), a group of short stories placed in Lesbos, Rome, and Macedonia.

Voltaire somewhere said: "In effect history is only a picture of crimes and misfortunes," which has no special bearing upon any of our recommendations, but which furnishes a convenient plank for us to pass from history to mystery stories. A far-fetched transition? There's no doubt about it, but we've got to make the leap somehow. And now that we've dragged Voltaire in by the hair of the head we realize that we didn't need to arrive at mystery stories at all, as they are all carefully scattered about in our various categories and need no pigeon hole of their own.

Well, that was waste effort. But it leaves us free, since it leaves us hanging in air, and we'll take advantage of being footloose to start in on drama. The best that Byron could find to say for plays was that "they make mankind no better and no worse." But we've got Shakespeare to the effect that "the play's the thing" (though we're well aware that he didn't point the exclamation the way it's always applied). At any rate, few and far between are the persons who are uninterested in the theatre. If you number a friend among your acquaintances, whose special delight is in the drama, you might send him the omnibus collection of Noel Coward's works, "A Variety" (Doubleday, Doran), or O'Neill's "Ah! Wilderness" (Random House), a surprisingly tender and sentimental play for its author to have produced, or the poetical drama, "Icaro" (Oxford University Press), by Lauro de Bosis, the young Italian patriot shot down in a heroic gesture at independence.

From a Book Critic

NO MORE TRUMPETS
By GEORGE MILBURN (Harcourt, Brace)
Reviewed September 30

KARL AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
By RUDOLF BRUNNGRABER (Morrow)
Reviewed November 25

THE BOOK OF TALBOT
By VIOLET CLIFTON (Harcourt, Brace)
Reviewed September 30

FLUSH
By VIRGINIA WOOLF (Harcourt, Brace)
Reviewed October 7

RADETSKY MARCH
By JOSEPH ROTH (Viking)
Reviewed October 28

John Chamberlain

Selections of a Scientist

SCIENCE AND HUMAN LIFE
By J. B. S. HALDANE (Harpers)

LIFE IN THE MAKING
By A. F. Guttmacher (Viking)
Reviewed October 14

MAN AND THE VERTEBRATES
By A. S. ROMER (University of Chicago Press)

THE LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE
By J. W. N. SULLIVAN (Viking)

Homer W. Smith

Doubtless, he would also enjoy Newman Levy's volume of metrical burlesques of classics of the stage, "Theatre Guyed" (Knopf), and Booth Tarkington's novel of the theatre, "Presenting Lily Mars" (Doubleday, Doran).

The tired business man, he who is supposed to be the staff and support of a certain type of light drama, he whom Cowper described as "hackneyed in business, wearied at that oar," is the next person on our list. Poor man, we think it best to let him pick something gay from our selections for others not of his ilk, some good, rattling mystery tale, too, perhaps, like S. S. Van Dine's "Dragon Murder Case" (Scribners), a better yarn, to our mind, than Mr. Van Dine has spun since he wrote "The Canary Murder Case;" or a charming and soothing book like "Everybody's Lamb" (Harcourt, Brace), with E. H. Shepard's illustrations, or Arthur Bryant's interesting "The Early Life of Samuel Pepys" (Macmillan). Still, we suppose we'd better make some concessions to his profession (of which, even if he himself is tired, he may not be tired), and suggest sending him a book like "Mellon's Millions" (Day), by Harvey O'Connor, or Elton Mayo's "Human Problems of an Industrial Civilization" (Macmillan). And we've got a grand novel for him, Alice Tisdale Hobart's "Oil for the Lamps of China" (Bobbs-Merrill), a tale of American business men in the Orient. So may your friend, the "man diligent in his business," be unembarrassed by its cares.

Now that we've disposed of the merchant, we're going on to the doctor and the lawyer. The lawyer first. We've quite a varied assortment of books for him, and if the law supposes they're all technical,

From a Dramatic Critic

RADETSKY MARCH
By JOSEPH ROTH (Viking)
Reviewed October 28

TIMBER LINE
By GENE FOWLER (Covici-Friede)
Reviewed October 28

THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS
By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH (Viking)

THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE
By RALPH ROEDER (Viking)
Reviewed December 2

John Mason Brown

then "if the law supposes that, the law is a ass, a idiot," say we. They're nothing of the sort, for we've sprinkled through the list a goodly number of detective stories—Mignon Eberhart's "The Dark Garden" (Doubleday, Doran), "The Case of the Sulky Girl" (Morrow), by Erle Stanley Gardner, "Drury Lane's Last Case" (Viking), by Barnaby Ross (page Ellery Queen), and Agatha Christie's "Thirteen at Dinner" (Dodd, Mead). And we've added to them Vincent Starrett's "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (Macmillan), which will be found reviewed on another page, and Captain Cornelius Willemse's "A Cop Remembers" (Dutton), and by a way of a novel that isn't a mystery story an excellent tale of the Ozarks, Thames Williamson's "Woods Colt" (Harcourt, Brace), just because it presents the pitiful making of a criminal. But we're not forgetting to give the lawyer something bearing directly on his own profession. "'Tis boldness, boldness, does the deed in the court." That was the precept evidently which Sam S. Leibowitz followed, if the amazing record of the acquittals he secured is evidence of temerity. Your legal minded friend might be interested in brushing up his knowledge of some of Leibowitz's cases, and would perhaps enjoy Fred Pasley's account of them in "Not Guilty" (Putnams). He might appreciate, too, "Lawyers Must Eat" (Vanguard), by Alan L. Schlosser, and would undoubtedly read with interest the opinions of that brightest ornament of the American bar, "The Philosophy of Mr. Justice Cardozo" (Macmillan), by Oscar S. Cox.

Choices of a Publicist

KINGDOM COMING
By ROARK BRADFORD (Harpers)
Reviewed September 23

KARL AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
By RUDOLF BRUNNGRABER (Morrow)
Reviewed November 25

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES
By 27 AUTHORS (Scribners)
Reviewed September 30

And this less recent book:

AB EXCESSU DIVI AUGUSTI
By CORNELIUS TACITUS (Teubner, *Oxford,* or what have you)

Elmer Davis

Choices of a Lawyer

LIFE OF MARLBOROUGH
By WINSTON CHURCHILL (Scribners)
Reviewed in current issue.

ICARO
By LAURO DE BOSIS. Translated by RUTH DRAPER (Oxford University Press)
Reviewed November 11

NAPOLEON
By JACQUES BAINVILLE (Little, Brown)
Reviewed February 18

THE HOUSE OF EXILE
By NORA WALN (Little, Brown)
Reviewed April 22

Geoffrey Parsons

Well, as Sam Weller said, "battledore and shuttlecock's a wery good game, when you a'n't the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores, in wich case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant." It's getting too exciting for us now, for we feel as though we were the shuttlecock of lawyers and doctors alike; the printers standing like doom before us, and the knowledge that we are overrunning our space within us, fill us with lively alarm. Yet we must plow ahead. Here's for the doctors of whom Samuel Butler said "A skilful leech is better far Than half a hundred men of war." Oh, but it's not the doctor, but the layman interested in medicine who'll need the first book we're going to mention, Dr. Logan Clendening's "Behind the Doctor" (Knopf), a history of medicine full of interest and illustrated with fascinating pictures. And it's the layman again who'll need the study of "Our Common Enemy—Colds" (McBride), by a group of eminent physicians. Now, if you're looking for a volume for the medical man himself perhaps you'll find just what he would like in Lancelot Hogben's "Nature and Nurture" (Norton), an inquiry into modern methods of research in genetics, or in "The Eugenic Predicament" (Harcourt, Brace), by S. J. Holmes, or in "A New Series of Introductory Lectures to Psychoanalysis" by Sigmund Freud (Norton). And give the dear, good doctor R. Austin Freeman's "Dr. Thorndyke Intervenes" (Dodd, Mead), just so he can spend an evening in the delightful relaxation of a detective story. It's written by a doctor anyway.

We're simply appalled as we look ahead at the part of our list which we haven't yet touched on and realize that some of it's never going to get into this issue. It's physically impossible. Oh, well, we'll finish it next week, still in time for Christmas shopping. It's going to include ministers and writers, publicists and philosophers, critics and travellers, scientists and soldiers, invalids and internationalists, before we get through with it. But we'd better hurry along with it now.

We'll proceed to the clergy and give you a list for a many-sided minister who likes fiction as well as the gospel, such a minister as him of whom Tennyson wrote

Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distilled from some work-cankered homily.

For religious books for him we suggest "And the Life Everlasting" (Scribners), by John Baillie, "The Oxford Movement" (Sheed & Ward), by Christopher Dawson, "The Short Bible" (University of Chicago Press), by Edgar Goodspeed, "Karl Barth and Christian Unity" (Macmillan), by Adolf Keller, "The Catholic Church in Action" (Macmillan), by Michael Williams, and "Hope of the World" (Harpers), by Harry Emerson Fosdick. As to fiction, why not send him Arnold Zweig's "De Vriendt Goes Home" (Viking), since he's probably interested in the Zionist state, Helen Waddell's "Peter Abelard" (Holt), Susan Ertz's "The Proselyte" (Appleton-Century), a tale of Mormonism, and Janet Beith's "No Second Spring" (Stokes), an effective study of fanaticism.

We have Cicero's authority for it that "it ill becomes a philosopher to be cast down in mind." That being so, perhaps a novel that has a tragic trend and builds its catastrophe around states of mind rather than outward incidents may be just the thing to send him. Cora Jarrett's "Night over Fitch's Pond" (Houghton Mifflin) is a mystery story with a difference, for its tension is due to the slowly developed mental conflicts into which constant propinquity throws its small group of characters, but your philosopher will want more solid reading, we doubt not. So send him "Modern Man in Search of a Soul" (Harcourt, Brace), by C. C. Jung, or "Some Forms of Thought in Modern Philosophy" (Scribners), a collection of five essays by George Santayana, or if he's interested in multiple personality, let him see what he thinks of the account in "Persons One and Three" (Whittlesey House), by Shepherd Ivory Franz. That's the list for your philosophically minded friend, but you can add to it from any other, for the philosopher can derive matter for his rumination from any of the incidents of living.

We have arrived now at the publicist, and the man interested in public affairs. "The noblest motive is the public good," and it's the public good and the passing political scene with which both are particularly concerned. Either will be the person to whom to send Hitler's "My Battle" (Houghton Mifflin), that book the publication of which caused so much discussion and in which, embedded in a mist of words, are the theories which have been put into effect in Germany today. He will quite certainly be glad also to get G. D. H. Cole's "The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today" (Knopf), and John Strachey's "The Menace of Fascism" (Covici-Friede). Mauritz Hallgren's "Seeds of Revolt" (Knopf), a survey of America during the depression, is another good choice for him, and so is Bernard Fay's "Roosevelt and His America" (Little, Brown), which presents the political situation from the point of view of a French historian who is not only an authority on American history but a frequent visitor to this country. You might tuck into his package, too, O. Soglow's pictured comment on contemporary affairs, collected in "The Little King" (Farrar & Rinehart), and the late Ambassador Jusserand's "What Me Befell" (Houghton Mifflin). And, oh, yes, there's the new and revised edition of C. H. Douglas's "Social Credit" (Norton) which might go to him, and Frank Tannenbaum's "Peace by Revolution" (Columbia University Press), a study of Mexico.

A Minister's List

THE END OF OUR TIME
By NICHOLAS BERDYAEF (Sheed & Ward)

AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING
By JOHN BAILLIE (Scribners)

THE NEW MORALITY
By G. C. NEWSOM (Scribners)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN CATHOLICISM
By KNOX and VIDLER (Morehouse)

THE MAKING OF EUROPE
By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON (Sheed & Ward)

Bernard Iddings Bell

A Naturalist Recommends

CONQUEST OF A CONTINENT
By MADISON GRANT (Scribners)

JULY, 1914
By EMIL LUDWIG (Putnam)

BIOLOGY AND HUMAN WELFARE
By PEABODY & HUNT (Macmillan)

GAME MANAGEMENT
By ALDO LEOPOLD (Scribners)

"Thus runs the world away!"

W. T. Hornaday

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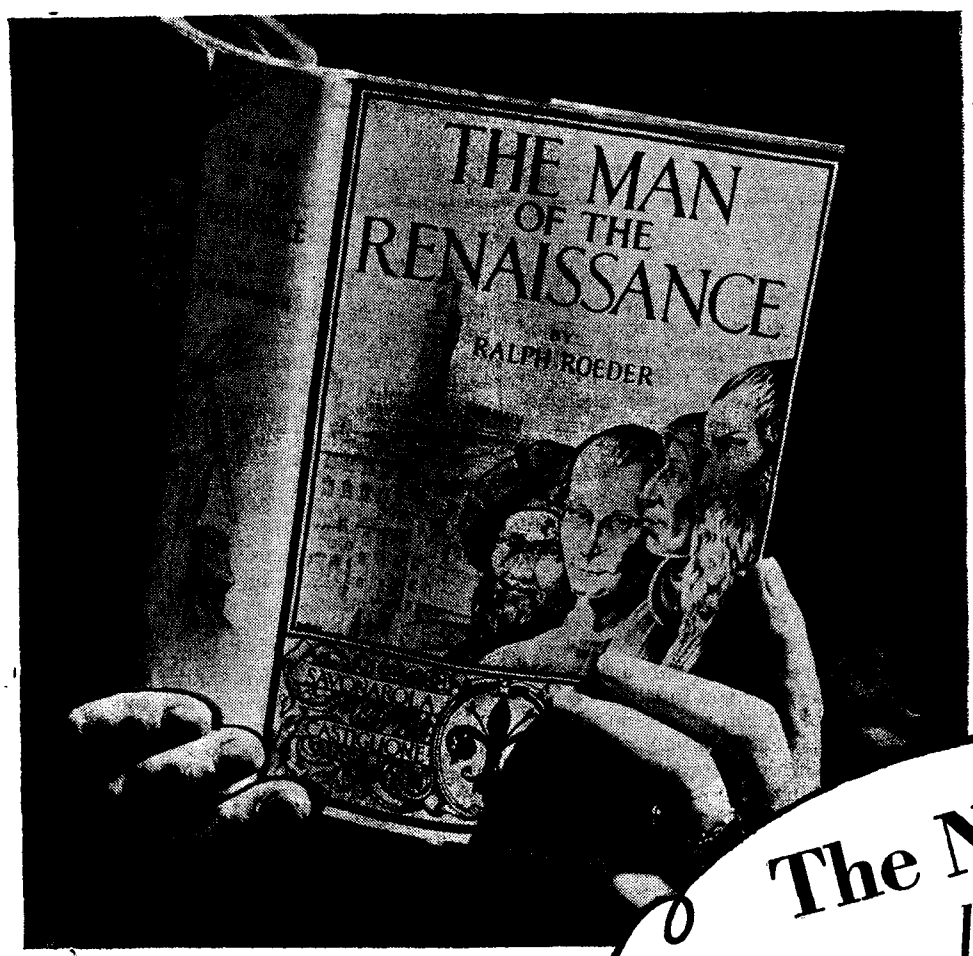
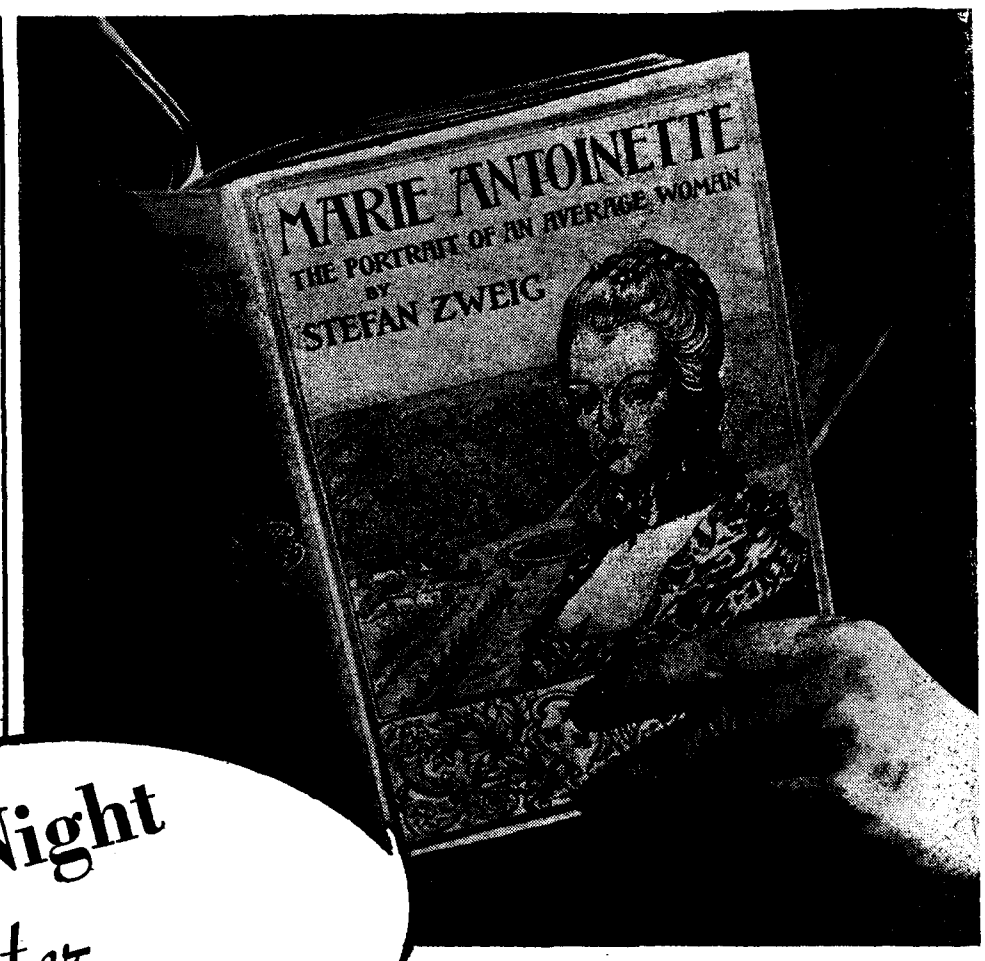
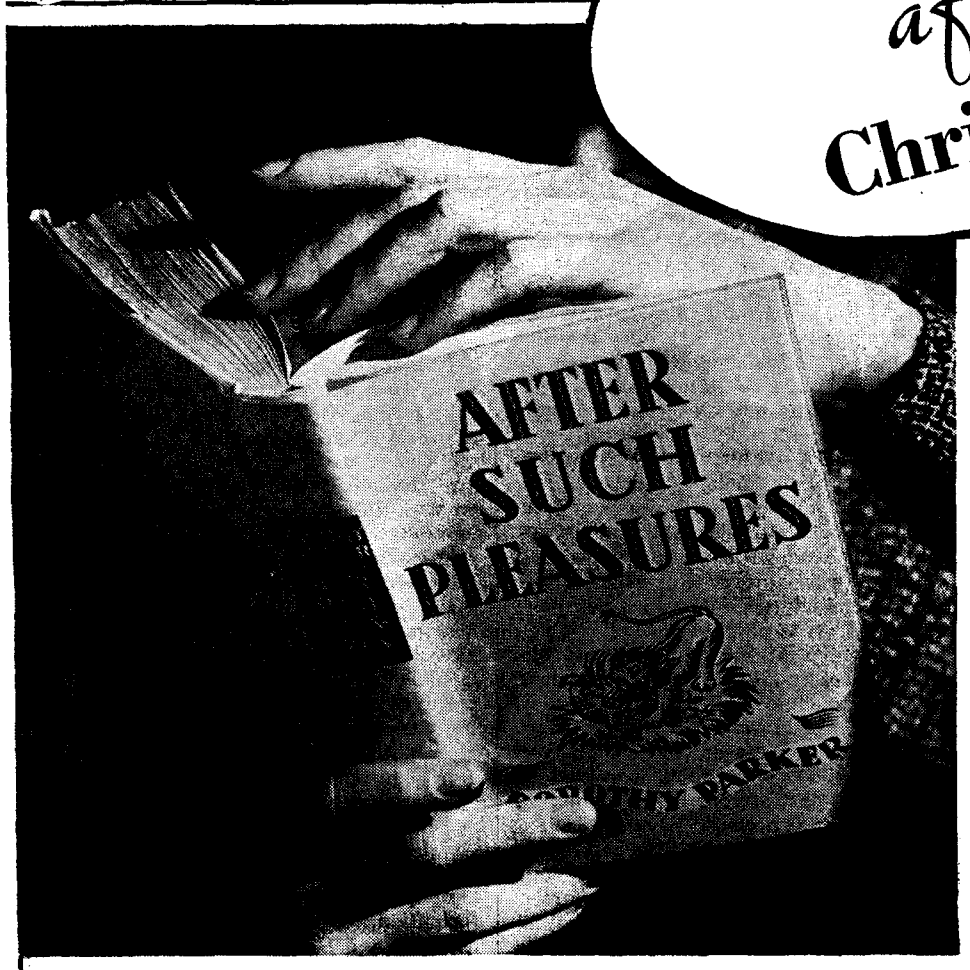
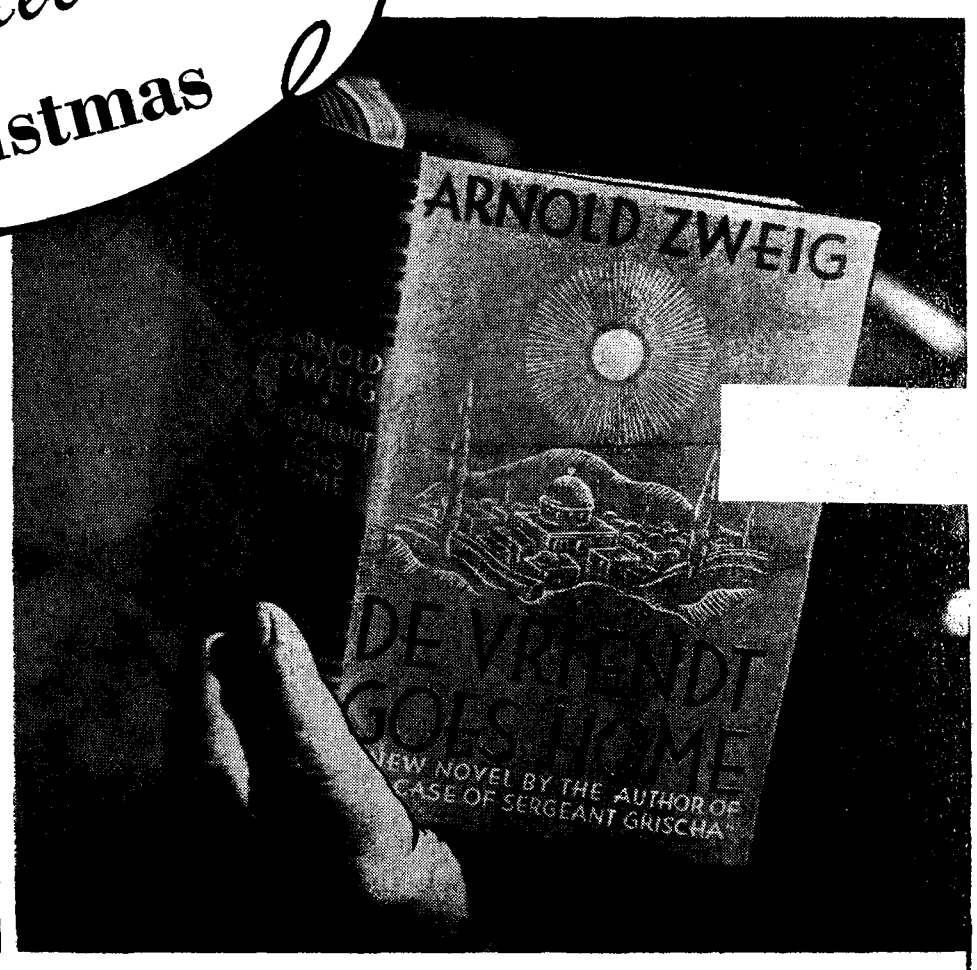




The Night after Christmas





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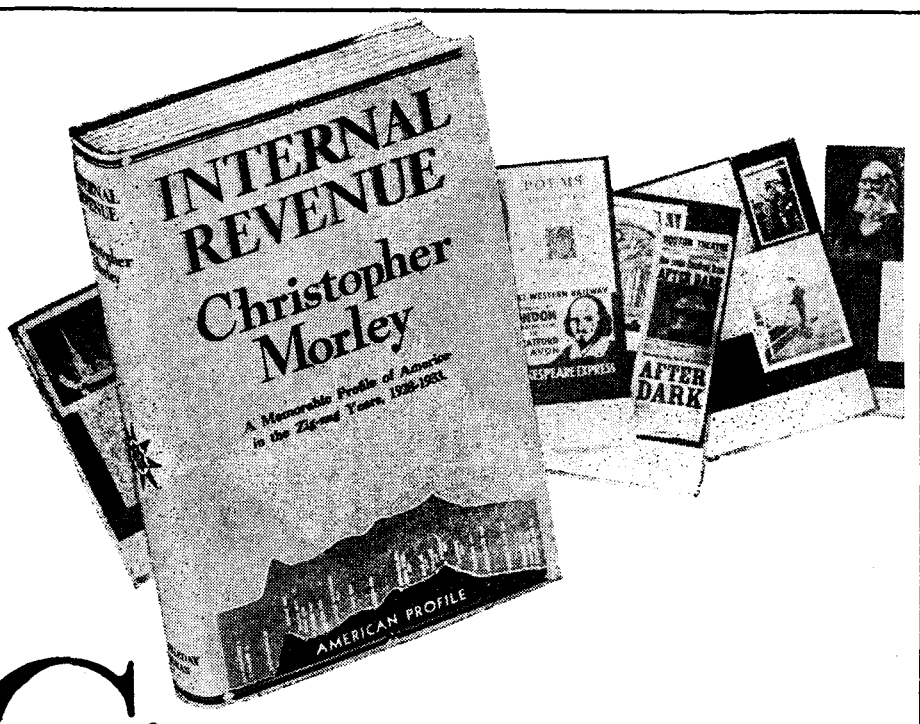

Christopher MORLEY'S

first book of essays in five years...

For certain Very Special People (we'd wager them to be among the most charming of your friends) our one-word guide to good giving is simply "MORLEY." Luckily this year there's just published a new volume of vivid and intuitive sketches, which draws a memorable profile of America in a time of extraordinary interest—the zig-zag years 1928-1933. This rich book contains as an added feature a scrapbook "of a few souvenirs or unearned increments which the Author has an impulse to share with the reader"—14 pages of delightful and curious tokens out of memory which would really make a lovely little volume in themselves.

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By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

RILKE'S LETTER TO A POET

I WISH all young poets would read the following letter, the translation of which has been made by a young undergraduate up at Bennington College in Vermont. Her name is *Yvette Hardman*. *Rainer Maria Rilke*, as you probably know, was a German author born at Prague, who died in 1926 at the age of fifty-one. In the first ten years of the twentieth century he held the position, with *Stefan George*, of being Germany's foremost lyric poet. He wrote prose also, but is better known as a poet.

Paris, Feb. 17th, 1903.

My dear Sir:

Your letter reached me only a few days ago. I want to thank you for its great and kind confidence. I can hardly do more. I cannot go into the style of your poetry; because any critical purpose is too far from me. Nothing can touch a work of art so little as critical words; they always turn into more or less lucky misunderstandings. Things cannot all be grasped and expressed as completely as people would usually have us believe; most events are inexplicable; they happen in a space into which no word can penetrate; and most inexplicable of all are works of art, mysterious existences, whose life continues as ours passes away.

In addition to this preface, I want only to say to you that your verse has no individual style, only silent and covered gropings toward the personal. I feel this most in the last poem, "My Soul." There something of your own wants to come out into words. And in the beautiful poem "To Leopardi" there is growing perhaps a kind of kinship with that great, lonely man. In spite of this the poems are not yet anything of yourself, anything original, not even the last one and the one to Leopardi. Your kind letter which accompanied them did not fail to make clear to me many defects which I had felt in reading the poetry, without having been able actually to name them.

You ask whether your poems are good. You ask me. You have asked others before. You send them to magazines, and you let it worry you when certain editors refuse your efforts. Now (since you have permitted me to counsel you), I beg you to give up all that. You look to the outside, and that before all you must not do now. Nobody can help you, nobody. There is only one, single way. Go into yourself. Investigate the reason for which you write; find out whether it is rooted in the deepest part of your heart; confess to yourself that you would have to die if it were denied you to write. This before all: ask yourself in the stillest hour of your night: must I write? Delve into yourself for a deep answer. And if it should sound in agreement, if you have to meet this question with a strong and simple "I must," then model your life after this need; your life, even your most indifferent and slightest hours, must become a sign of this impulse and a testimony to it. Then, draw close to nature. Then try, as a first human being, to express what you see and experience and love and lose. Do not write love poems; avoid above all those patterns which are too easy and common; these are the most difficult, because a great, ripened art is needed to give freshness, where traditions which are good and to the point are suggested in quantity. Therefore save yourself from the usual motifs and use those which offer themselves in your own everyday life; describe your sorrows and desires, your passing thoughts, your belief in whatever beauty —describe all those with inner, quiet, humble sincerity, and use for your expression the things in your surroundings, the pictures from your dreams and the objects of your memories. Do not accuse your everyday existence of poverty; accuse yourself rather of not being poet enough to see your riches; because for the creator there is no poverty and no poor, indifferent place. Even if you were in a prison whose walls let none of the bustle of the world come to your senses—would you not still have your childhood, that costly, kingly abundance, that treasure-house of memory? Turn your attention there. Try to lift the sunken sensations of that far past; your personality will strengthen itself, your loneliness will grow and become a dusky dwelling which the tumult of others will pass at a great distance.—And if from this turning within, out of this sinking into your own world, verses come, then it will not occur to you to ask others whether it is good poetry. You will not try to interest publications in your work; for you will see in it your beloved, natural possession, a part and a voice of your life. Art is good when it springs from necessity. In this kind of origin is its judgment; there is no other. Therefore, my dear Sir, I could know no advice for you but this: to go into yourself and try the depths from which your life arises; in this fountain you will find the answer to the question whether you must create. Accept it as it sounds, without alteration. Then take the fate upon yourself and carry it, its burden and its greatness, without asking the wage that can come from the outside. Because the creator must be a world for himself, and find everything in himself and in nature, to which he is allied.

Perhaps, however, after this descent into yourself and your loneliness, you must renounce being a poet (it is sufficient, as I have said, to feel that one can live without writing, to be prohibited from doing it at all). But even in that case this visit which I ask you to make will not have been in vain. Your life will at all events find its own way from there, and that it may be good, rich, and wide I wish you more than I can say.

What else shall I say to you? Everything seems to me to be emphasized according to its right; and finally, I want only to advise you to keep growing quietly and seriously; you can hardly disturb your development more than by looking outward and waiting for answers from outside to questions which can be answered only by your innermost feelings in your gentlest hours.

It was a great pleasure to me to find in your letter the name of Professor Horacek; I retain for that admirable scholar a great veneration and a thankfulness which has lasted through the years. Will you please say to him of my feeling: it is very kind that he still thinks of me, and I know how to appreciate it.

The poems with which you trusted me I am returning to you immediately. And I thank you again for the greatness and heartiness of your confidence, of which I have tried to make myself, through this frank and well-intentioned answer, as worthy as it is possible for a stranger to be.

With all devotion and interest,
RAINER MARIA RILKE.

ONCE MORE, YE LAURELS!

I thank *Malcolm Johnson* of Doubleday, Doran, for sending me the following information, *re* my recent discussion of *Banville* and *Housman:*

> Isn't the explanation of A. E. Housman's use of Banville's lines "Les lauriers sont coupés . . ." simply that both authors borrowed them from an old French song? A little book called "A Propos de Chansons" quotes them and goes on to add fragments,
>
> *. . . . les lauriers du bois*
> *Les laisserons-nous faner?*
>
> *Non, chacun a son tour*
> *Ira les ramasser.*
>
> *Car les lauriers du bois sont déjà repoussés.*
>
> The whole point, anyway, ought to be that Housman has achieved the impossible task of translating a line of verse with its magic quite intact. Someone should induce him to try his hand at Villon, and put "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?" into English worthy of the French.

COSTUME BALL AND CHAP-BOOK

The Artists and Writers Dinner Club is issuing its first annual Chap-Book conjointly with its Costume Ball and Carnival to be held at Webster Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 15th, for the benefit of needy artists and writers. Contributions received by *J. George Frederick*, Editor of the Chap-Book, include short stories, articles, and poems by *Theodore Dreiser, Louis Bromfield, Faith Baldwin, Max Eastman, Struthers Burt, William McFee, Whit Burnett, Arthur Guiterman, Thyra Samter Winslow*, and others.

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☆ For a Man

Then, if you want to make a hit with a gentleman who is interested in the history of his country, we'd suggest first of all **RABBLE IN ARMS, by Kenneth Roberts.** This is the smashing "prose John Brown's Body" which is re-writing American history of the Revolution. Critics, booksellers, historians, other novelists, and hundreds of happy readers are excited about it, not only as scrupulous history, but as fascinating reading. The latest addition to the ranks of the year's big fiction Best Sellers, *$2.50*. If he hasn't read ARUNDEL and THE LIVELY LADY, by the same author, he should have them too. *$2.50 each*

Sinclair Lewis, by the way, is one of those who've just gone back to read **JOHN BROWN'S BODY, by Stephen Vincent Benét,** since it was awarded this year's Roosevelt Medal, and you'd have to go a long way to find a present for a man that will more constantly grow in pleasure through the years. *$2.50*

Now if he's already read ANTHONY ADVERSE, or doesn't care to tackle that book, but likes long romantic novels, give him **Helen Simpson's THE WOMAN ON THE BEAST.** This is a choice of the English book-of-the-month club which starts in the devil-haunted Indo-China of 1579 and spins out to an end in a Brave New World of Australia, 1999. Rich imagination and color in pages that make up a wealth of fantastic adventure. A book that's likely to have been overlooked, but which will delight anyone you're thoughtful enough to give it to. *$2.50*

We'll just list here a few more books to please a man, of which you've undoubtedly already heard from the critics, and from their success in the bookshops:

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If she's an unconscious actress (We don't want these lists to be Exclusive!), by all odds the best book for her this year is **Booth Tarkington's** great novel of the magic world backstage, **PRESENTING LILY MARS,** which presents a girl as lovely and as glamorously alive as Katharine Hepburn in her latest picture. Mr. Tarkington, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize, has just been awarded the gold medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. *$2.50*

Any of these are certain to make a pleasant surprise for her on Christmas morning:

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES, by Richard Aldington *$2.50*

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Now you'll understand our plight in classifying **W. Somerset Maugham's AH KING,** because all the world loves to read this 'master of human nature,' and his new volume out of the exotic country of *Rain* is one of his best. Incidentally, don't forget that Mr. Maugham has just compiled "the best omnibus book ever made"—**THE TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY**—novels, stories, poems, from fifty of his favorite writers, which sells for only *$2.50*—1700 new pages. . . A wonderful gift for anybody.

For those who read ROGUE HERRIES, JUDITH PARIS or THE FORTRESS, the most thoughtful present you could make is **Hugh Walpole's VANESSA,** a love story which completes the Herries Saga. A modern *Anna Karenina*, it moves against a richly tapestried background of the Nineties till now. *$2.50*

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☆ For Very Special Tastes

Someone's good news this Christmas morning is going to be that archy the cockroach has written a perfectly capital new book of poems in lower case like this **archys life of mehitabel** which is just about the year's best biography being further adventures of mehitabel the incorrigible cat toujours gai especially in hollywood. A **Don Marquis** classic of humor, alone in its class. *$2.00*

Virginia Kirkus, who writes such delightful book reviews for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, has just dropped us a personal note to say that she's completely lost her heart to **Beverley Nichols' A THATCHED ROOF.** "It's the legitimate sequel to DOWN THE GARDEN PATH", she writes, "and if you haven't read that, get the two books together and retire to a quiet corner where you won't be tempted to spoil them for your friends by reading extracts aloud." The nice thing about A THATCHED ROOF is that it's just published this Wednesday so that few are likely to have bought it for themselves. *$2.50*—or in a holiday box with DOWN THE GARDEN PATH, *$5.00*

If you know someone to whom the story's the thing, the **O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1933,** edited by **Harry Hansen,** will be a treat in the cream of short fiction from favorite authors and from some most interesting new discoveries. *$2.50*

Of course, all booklovers and collec... **Christopher Morley's** first essay **INTERNAL REVENUE.**

☆ For the Children

The maximum of entertainment for young people, aged anything from eight upwards, we would say, is **ENGINES AND BRASS BANDS, by Olive Beaupré Miller,** the famous originator of My Book House. It's a colorful story of a whole Midwest town in the Nineties. A book to revive the art of reading aloud, and therefore one which you may give, with perfect impunity, to a whole family. *$2.50* with 90 lovely illustrations.

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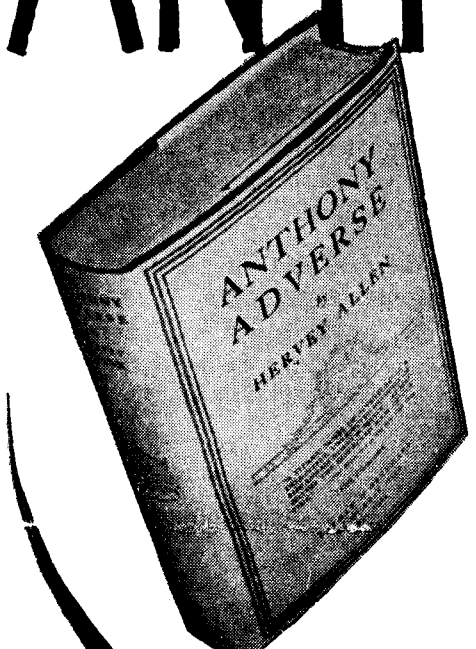

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Hilaire Belloc's Life of Charles I

CHARLES I KING OF ENGLAND. By Hilaire Belloc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by DAVID HARRIS WILLSON

FEW monarchs have been more ardently debated by posterity than has Charles I. This is partly because many of the issues during his reign long remained cardinal questions in English politics; but it is due also to a divergence of opinion concerning Charles himself. To certain persons he appears as a noble and graceful exponent of his kingly office, religious, virtuous, brave, an attractively melancholy and tragic figure, martyred by repulsive fanatics. Others, however, are repelled by his inability to see any point of view except his own, his unstatesmanlike weakness and vacillation, his frequent breaking of his plighted word, and his dulness in gauging the world in which he lived until inexorable events came crowding upon his poor, bewildered intellect and whirled him to his doom.

In Mr. Belloc Charles has found a spirited (almost passionate) advocate who declares that "no wise man has given Charles Stuart as yet his due praise" and who is out to smite the king's enemies hip and thigh. The author finds that for his purpose the traditional procedure of the historian is too confining and he comments on "the danger of the scientific and documentary method." This danger has most certainly been avoided. But Mr. Belloc has not escaped the pitfall of approaching his subject with preconceived ideas. The most important of these ideas is that the country gentlemen of England, gorged with the spoils of the Catholic church in the sixteenth century, were determined, in the seventeenth, to consolidate their gains by overthrowing the monarchy and assuming for their own class the powers formerly held by the crown. They were for the most part "indifferent to theology" and allied themselves with puritanism merely as a matter of politics. Their leaders were villains to a man and Mr. Belloc descends upon them with a war-whoop of denunciation. Sir John Eliot is portrayed as a thief and the betrayer—even the murderer—of Buckingham since his eloquent attacks produced the frame of mind that led to Buckingham's assassination. Pym is a loose liver and treacherous intriguer. But Cromwell is the black arch fiend who darkly plots against the life of royalty.

Against this background of sordid sedition Charles appears first as a child severely handicapped by ill health and only slowly developing in mind and body, then as a young man whose whole life centered about his affection for Buckingham, and finally, after the maturing effect of Buckingham's death, as a king determined to be a king indeed and to rule his country as a master having all the reins of government, ecclesiastical and temporal, concentrated in his own hands. The author believes he might have succeeded had not events forced the calling of the Long Parliament, after which Charles, betrayed and deceived on every hand and matched with wily and unscrupulous opponents, is lured from one error to another until the fatal scene at Whitehall.

Mr. Belloc's polemic method does not take us far below the surface. The gentry's fear for their estates is but one in a host of causes that estranged them from the crown. The strength of puritanism, for example, might well have been weighed rather than denounced. And the picture of Charles's attempt at personal rule ignores his utter incapacity in business. The book contains many other judgments that will hardly bear examination. Mary Queen of Scots is categorically declared to be innocent of her husband's murder. Elizabeth is a "warped, frustrated woman, sensitive to the accusation of bastardy," completely dominated by the Cecils and mulcted of her revenues by rapacious courtiers. Sir Robert Cecil is possibly the originator of the Gunpowder Plot and Pym a possible giver of bribes; the matchless Verney a trimmer, Cromwell a brutal bully. Buckingham, on the other hand, is greatly extolled. His "strict economy" "brought order into the financial affairs of the country," More surprising still, he was the originator of the English navy who first envisaged England's future greatness at sea, a conception "delayed and warped" during the reign of Elizabeth. Yet Charles was all but penniless until Buckingham's death and, in contrast to Elizabeth's victory over the Spanish Armada, Buckingham sent out the expedition against Cadiz, commonly considered the lowest point of disastrous degredation in the naval annals of Britain. Mr. Belloc would answer that the fault lay in the Commons for refusing supply. But it might be argued that when statesmen grasp vainly and recklessly at the unattainable they lay themselves open to ridicule. These personal judgments of the author (overshadowing numerous errors of fact) force the critic to the conviction that he is not reading history but rather Mr. Belloc's ideas about history.

Nevertheless the book will be widely read. As a literary composition it is admirable, written with finish and artistry, forceful, vivid, and incisive. Mr. Belloc believes what he writes and drives his points home with telling blows.

Delicate Erudition

WHISTLES OF SILVER. By Helen Parry Eden. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ALINE KILMER

FOR those whose taste demands something delicate and lots of it, "Whistles of Silver" will provide a feast. A feast, too, served up in admirable style, with side-dishes elegant and appetizing.

To drop rather hastily a figure that might soon become embarrassing, cats here consort with saints, puritans with pastry cooks, and medieval legends with modern life. An intense, wide-flowing Chaucerian Catholicity marks every tale, and binds into an harmonious whole what might otherwise seem a bit miscellaneous. Almost every story is preceded by a poem, miraculously close to it in theme or mood —a poem of charm, of exquisite craftsmanship, with sometimes the thrill of a trumpet-peal. Take:

There blew a horn in Bethlehem,
Christ sat on Mary's knee,
"And O," she said, "my Child," she said,
"They blow that horn for Thee.
For Thou shalt hunt the heart of man,
Thy prey, from hole to hole—
Till at the last Thy little hands
Shall close upon his soul."

Saint Anonyme in Calvados and Borgo Sant' Ignoto in Vicenza are Mrs. Eden's favorite towns. If it were but possible to visit them! And, also, to read in the "Biblioteca Ignotiana" the ancient manuscripts from which she gathers her enchanting stories—with now and then a dutiful reference to "my pious original." And, speaking of books, what collector would not seize with joy upon those three scholarly treatments of a much neglected subject: "Ralph Fritter's daring monograph on 'The Linklater Collection of English Door-Scrapers' (six plates in collotype and one hundred illustrations in text)," "Pfitzer's 'Englische Fuss-Abstreicher' (Berlin, 1901), and Herve's 'Decrottoirs Classique de Grande Bretagne' (Paris, 1902)"?

To set against this delicate and smiling erudition are homely tales like the poignant story of Emily Bing, landlady of Pusey Terrace, and the marmalade cat. Cats, by the way, abound throughout the book. There's no use in comparing Mrs. Eden's cat fancying with that of Agnes Repplier; the studies of the two are amusingly different. Mrs. Eden's knowledge of the tribe, fireside companion and *"cattus agrestis,"* is so intimate that you wonder a little how she came by it all.

Illustrations in black and white by Denis Eden manage almost to surpass the text in humor and beauty.

* *

Aline Kilmer, like Mrs. Eden a Catholic, is the author of several volumes of poems, essays, and fiction.

Junkers in the Jungle

AFRICAN INTRIGUE. By Alfred Batson. Garden City: Garden City Publishing Co. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by HAMILTON J. SMITH

"AFRICAN INTRIGUE" is a cleverly chosen title, since by not revealing whether it covers fact or fiction it commands (and fairly) a double audience. The book is in reality the actual record of an African adventure retold by Alfred Batson, a journalist and able story-teller, who dramatizes the narrative and characters. It can with equal fairness be judged as both novel and history; on both counts it comes out on top.

The days of 1911 were days of international jealousies and greed for territorial expansion. An expedition was sent by Germany into wildest Africa under the guise of hunting big game, so that the real object might be kept secret from France and England. Of course, this was to study the value of terrain from the standpoints of military, economic, and agricultural usefulness—to determine Germany's aggression. The exploring party consisted of four white men: an army officer, a famous botanist, a distinguished geologist, and the "master of porters." Ninety blacks started with them as porters and laborers, but they were all driven to desert before the time of greatest need, by the brutality of the leader, Major von Harden. Only the "master of porters" returned alive to tell the tale.

The dramatic situation of the story lies in the conflict between the domineering arrogance of the Prussian military caste, typified by Herr Major von Harden, and the stubborn cruelty and relentless forces of the jungle. In the depths of wildest Africa the Junker was a strange and incongruous figure. With tight-fitting, white uniform, filthy and rotted by the blistering sun, tight collar pinching his raw neck, tapping his swagger boots with a riding crop and continually polishing the monocle which glistened in his right eye, he plunged ahead, leading his comrades into unnecessary danger and hardship. His pride of military caste even there held him aloof from his associates whom, though distinguished scientists, he considered beneath him as civilians. He forced them to hate and admire him, by example making them sure of his bravery and leadership. Bitten to distraction by insects, scorched with fever, parched with thirst and in agonizing pain, he would not condescend to ask help from his inferiors.

Each of the four characters is vividly drawn. Herr Doctor Muller, the botanist, a college professor of south German temperament, kindly, fat and sentimental, unfitted by nature to suffer the fierce cruelty of the tropics, with synthetic courage remained loyal to his trust and finished his report before the jungle got him. Herr Doktor von Rodenbach, a tall, gaunt, taciturn man, with a sense of humor, tolerantly indifferent to all about him, a practical scientist, accepted conditions as they existed even in facing death. The Master of the Porters had fled from Germany years ago to escape the Junkers and Kultur and sought greater freedom in Africa. In spite of his hatred for von Harden and his mission, he, like his comrades, was faithful to both.

These characterizations are the work of a novelist. Even the childlike savages are vividly alive and real. They love their "Little White Master," "the hippopotamus man" and "the giraffe man"—but "the hyena man" they fear and hate. It would be unfair to the reader to tell the plot (the narrative does advance to a climax) or to reveal how the mission ended. He will be repaid by reading these things for himself.

From the point of view of story alone the book is absorbing, but it has more important qualities than those of a good yarn. Especially at this time it is more significant as a "non-fiction." Things that have happened before may happen again, and fundamental character has a way of reasserting itself.

* *

Hamilton J. Smith was attached to the Department Intelligence Office, Eastern Department, Governor's Island, throughout the war.

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NOVELS OF THE SEA

IT seems perverse, perhaps, in response to the inquiry of *H. H. of Saint Cloud, Minn.*, as to whether there have been any recent novels of the sea to begin talking of James Fenimore Cooper. But we've been spoiling for the opportunity that never turns up to air our enthusiasm for THE PILOT, THE RED ROVER, and THE WATER WITCH, and since H. H.'s question is about as close as we're likely to come to the chance of letting go on that subject, we're seizing the bridge she gives us to put in a word for some of the best novels of the sea we know. We never see the name Hell Gate but we watch in our mind's eye the *Water Witch* threading its way pursued by the enemy through the boiling passage which has now been tamed by blasting into so mild a channel, or hear of Sandy Hook but the Lust in Rust and Alderman Van Beverout's comfortable summer home rises before us, with the handsome young smuggler leaping into the bedchamber of the worthy burgher's niece at night time and unrolling his bales of silk for her delectation. And often when we see the lower bay we envisage the stirring naval encounter in which the *Coquette* joined battle with the Frenchman. We'll confess that when we watched our first sunrise over the Bay of Naples it was with Cooper's comparison between the Manhattan harbor and the Italian in mind, and that it was a rude shock to our patriotism to find that Cooper's had outrun the reality. And why, when there was such a bruiting forth of Joan Lowell (may her memory rest in peace) as the first girl to sail the seas alone in a shipful of men, did no one remember the *Water Witch* and Eudora? And for the matter of that why did no one mention Howells's THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK? There's a charming book to our mind, though we've no doubt many readers would call it tame. And certainly its mores aren't the mores of 1933. We've wandered away from Cooper before ever we reached THE PILOT and THE RED ROVER, and a mighty good thing it is that we have if we are to give H. H. an answer to her question. But we feel better for getting some of our Cooper enthusiasm out of our system. That's neither here nor there, however, so back to our muttons, which is whether there are any good recent English novels of the sea other than those of Tomlinson, McFee, W. W. Jacobs, F. Tennyson Jesse, and Captain David Bone.

We wish we had Captain Bone here to answer for us, for he's a follower of the briny deep who's a follower of literature as well. Indeed, he's just been writing us that he thinks from internal evidence that Masefield's latest sea tale, THE BIRD OF DAWNING (Macmillan), issued only the other day, was probably written twenty years ago, and may have been his first long connected narrative. It was Captain Bone, too, who told us some time ago that he thought MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (Little, Brown), by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, was a book which deserved to rank with the classics of the sea. If H. H. hasn't read it she ought to lose no time in doing so, for this working over into fiction form of one of the famous incidents of British maritime history is not only a story of stirringly dramatic sort but a portrayal of the South Sea islands of unusual authenticity and value. There's another recent sea tale, also based on actual incident, which is brief, arresting, and exciting, and that's James Gould Cozzen's S. S. SAN PEDRO (Harcourt, Brace), which converts into swift-moving romance the tragic experiences of the ill-starred *Vestris*. Edward Ellsberg's PIG-BOATS (Dodd, Mead) is a novel which uses for its material incidents of the submarine warfare of the World War and which is crammed with information smuggled into its story. The same holds true of Ellsberg's S-54 (Dodd, Mead). In PACIFIC (Farrar & Rinehart), Robert Carse has woven an interesting psychological romance around the presence of a woman stowaway. The woman never appears, but the effect of her presence aboard on the various members of the ship's crew is developed with dramatic intensity through the conversation of the sailors. Felix Riesenberg and Archie Binns in their MAIDEN VOYAGE (Day) have written a lusty tale in which sex and sea challenge each other for attention. A promising new talent, macabre and grim, came to light last year when James Hanley's MEN IN DARKNESS (Knopf), a collection of five stories depicting life among the seafaring population of Liverpool, appeared. Mr. Hanley followed it with another book, BOY (Knopf), which again had indubitable power but in which the somberness of his earlier work had degenerated into a realism appallingly brutal. Reading the novel, with its portrayal of the mental torture of a boy of fine nature who is ultimately driven to suicide by the ruthless baseness of older men, is an almost intolerably painful experience.

SEAFARING LIFE

While we're on the subject of the sea would seem to be the psychological moment to answer a second question upon it which comes from across the seas itself, that of *A. H. C. of Telesjen Works, Ploesti, Roumania,* who is buying A MILLION MILES IN SAIL (Dodd, Mead), by John Herries McCulloch, and wants to know the titles of other similar books for future purchase. Well, there's no lack of them. Captain Riesenberg, whose novel we mentioned a few moments ago, has an account of life at sea entitled SHIPMATES (Harcourt, Brace). Then there's Alan J. Villiers's FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS (Holt), a virile chronicle of life aboard a sailing vessel, and his SEADOGS OF TODAY (Holt). No one who loves the sea should miss his volume of photographs with brief accompanying comment, THE SEA IN SHIPS (Morrow), a magnificent collection of illustrations. A. H. C. will find what she's looking for also in Count Luckner's SEA DEVIL'S FO'C'SLE (Doubleday, Doran), an anthology of the sea, in JOHN CAMERON'S ODYSSEY (Lippincott), by John Cameron, in E. Keble Chatterton's VENTURES AND VOYAGES (Longmans, Green), ON THE HIGH SEAS (Lippincott), and SEAMEN ALL (Stokes), F. P. Harlow's THE MAKING OF A SAILOR (Marine Research Society), and GREAT DAYS OF SAIL (Houghton Mifflin), by A. Shewan. But we've followed the sea long enough. Now for poetry.

RECENT NARRATIVE POEMS

M. R. W. of Cambridge, Mass., asks for "four distinguished examples of the narrative poem since Benét 'John Brown's Body' was published." Naturally there springs to our mind the novel in verse by Stephen Vincent Benét's brother, our own associate, William Rose Benét. But it's not because he's our associate that we like *Rip Tide* (Duffield & Green). In fact we're impartial enough to think that it is uneven, and that the story has weaknesses, but the verse is that of a true poet whose rich imagination, gift for vivid and precise epithet, and admirable craftsmanship are of outstanding order. Edwin Arlington Robinson's TALIFER (Macmillan), though not the most distinguished of his narrative poems, belongs in W. R. W.'s quartet, and so emphatically does Archibald MacLeish's CONQUISTADOR (Houghton Mifflin), a fine, sweeping narrative of the conquest of Mexico which at its best marches along with dramatic vigor and almost Homeric epithet. And finally M. R. W.'s list should include Robinson Jeffers's powerful GIVE YOUR HEART TO THE HAWKS (Random House), which displays both the virtues and the faults of its composer.

OF PLEASANT THINGS

It's pleasant as winter is about to set in to find that flowers and trees and planting a garden are engaging attention. We were mightily cheered to get a letter from *N. E. G. of New York City* asking for "a list of books dealing with horticulture around a suburban home, which would include books on trees, their identification and care as regards pruning and so forth; also relative to flowers as regards their care, transplanting, rotation, and so forth." It's not hard to obtain what N. E. G. wants for the number of such works is legion. There's Richardson Wright's PRACTICAL BOOK OF OUTDOOR FLOWERS (Lippincott), for instance, which is a good guide to the growing of flowers, and L. H. Bailey's MANUAL OF GARDENING (Macmillan), a manual on the raising of flowers, fruits, and vegetables for home use. A practical book that takes up transplanting, sowing, construction of hotbeds, cold frames, greenhouses, and gives information as to how to treat insects and diseases, etc., is VEGETABLE GARDENING (New York: Orange Judd Co.), by Ralph L. Watts. A counterpart to this last is Albert E. Wilkinson's PRACTICAL VEGETABLE CULTURE (New York: De La Mare Garden Books). The De La Mare Garden Books Company also issues a condensed encyclopedia of gardening for the amateur, an excellent work entitled GARDEN GUIDE. These publishers likewise have one of the most useful of the manuals on trees, THE BOOK OF TREES, by Alfred C. Jottes, which presents instructions for planting and caring. Intended to meet the needs of practical and amateur growers and students of horticulture generally, is THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF PRUNING (Orange Judd Publishing Co.), by M. G. Kains. This book is lavishly illustrated with actual photographs and drawings showing good and bad practices. A useful guidebook is ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR AMATEURS (Country Life Press), by W. J. Bean, which contains information as to the treatment of cavities, transplanting, general care, pruning, etc. So far ts the identification of trees is concerned N. E. G. will find usedful WHAT TREE IS THAT? (Appleton-Century), a guide to the common trees of the Northeastern United States. Its author, E. G. Cheyney, is professor of forestry at the University of Minnesota. A book that should prove exceedingly helpful to the amateur is Alfred C. Hottet's 1001 GARDEN QUESTIONS ANSWERED (De La Mare). We hope N. E. G. will have success with his garden next year, and will find a spreading tree beneath which he can lie at ease reading some gay book while summer breezes scent the air with the fragrance of his favorite flowers.

POLICE PROCEDURE

Perhaps by the time his roses are in bloom the detective story on which our correspondent *F. S. of Grand Rapids, Mich.,* is engaged will be ready for his perusal. Just at present it is still in the process of writing, and F. S. writes us asking if we can help her to find out anything about police procedure so that whatever details of the sort she introduces into her tale may be correct. If she is in doubt about some specific point she might consult Gilbert's ANNOTATED CRIMINAL CODE AND PENAL LAW (Bender), a volume specifically in the version in which it came to our notice for New York State but doubtless to be found arranged for her own locality. Probably the local library possesses it. Raymond B. Fosdick's AMERICAN POLICE SYSTEMS (Appleton-Century) is an interesting book, though now somewhat old, having been published in 1920. Another volume similar to Mr. Fosdick's is AMERICAN POLICE ADMINISTRATION (Macmillan), by Elmer D. Graper. This too, is a handbook on police organization and methods of police administration in American cities.

FROM OUR READERS

And now we are going to turn our column over to our readers who thus become our writers, and print several letters which have come in to us recently. The first is an appeal from *Charles Ganz, of "Brownbays," Little Common, Bexhill, Sussex, England,* who writes us apropos of Edward Fitzgerald, translator of *Omar Khayyam:*

I am now compiling a second volume to the MEDLEY, which has been lately published, and am desirous of finding new material, if possible? Could I ask you kindly for help in finding the ownership and whereabouts of any Fitzgerald letters and books (annotated by him)?

The next is from *Mary Grace Canfield of Woodstock, Vermont,* who adds to our note on the word "infare" the following comment:

"Your 'Infare' in a recent *Saturday Review* sets my mind to the days of my youth on the Connecticut Reserve in Ohio. Both father and mother had a lot of Scotch blood, but mother was farther from the pioneers and had more schooling than father, and he was the type to cling to the old pronunciations of his forebears. I used the word infare here recently in a group of college people. None had ever heard it, but *they* were all New Englanders. Everybody in our Ohio neighborhood who were real folks had an infare; a wedding feast shared by relatives and friends. The *Commoners* were "belled." They called it Faythe*r* for father. I don't know how to write it in order to give it that burry sound. Maybe farther, at any rate a is a flat. Then we had vendues in our Ohio neighborhood, always pronounced Vandue. I never heard of an auction or sale till I was grown.

Father a l w a y s said skillet. Mother spider. He said bucket. She pail; and so it went. He has been dead forty years. How I wish that I had known enough then to record all these terms and pronunciations which have passed out.

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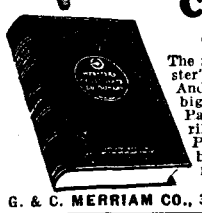

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The New Books

Fiction

NANCY OWLETT. By Eden Philpotts. Macmillan. 1933. $2.50.

This is an extremely mild tale of life among the country folk of Dartmoor some hundred years ago. The heroine is a pretty girl with not much common sense, hesitating among three suitors. The narrative interest, such as it is, is provided by the problem of her choice; but from the first chapter the reader has very little doubt what will be the whole course of the story. The value of the book, however, is not in its story, but in its lavish provision of local color; readers who like quaint country turns of speech, and the period pictures which Mr. Brock paints so reliably, will find plenty of them. It cannot be said, however, that anybody will find much else.

B. D.

TOMORROW WE PART. By Gina Kaus. Long & Smith. 1933. $2.

This is a graceful little volume, completely Viennese from its whimsical wrapper to its swift, concise style; completely Viennese also in its psychological and physiological study of married life. Its action covers twenty-four hours—the twenty-four hours before Herr and Frau Lenhard conclude their divorce in court. Its theme is their awakening from a calm, polite indifference to a frenzy of hitherto ignored and pent up emotions, resulting in the final climax.

Gina Kaus's chief defect is that she has put too heavy a burden on a slender frame, and under cover of apparent frivolity has dealt out concentrated pills of wisdom.

A. W.

DUCHESS LAURA. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Longmans, Green. 1933. $2.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's duchess is a kind of Lady Bountiful with the wit and practical sense to keep her good works from running into sentimentality. Her first appearance was in "The Duchess Intervenes," younger then and a little more headlong in her flights of benevolence. The Duchess is an Edwardian, and she is portrayed in an Edwardian spirit. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes permits herself no contemporary eyebrow-lifting or patronizing innuendos towards her characters whose simplicities were not our simplicities and whose complexities were other than ours. Although the period of the novel stretches into our own time (the Duchess is now sixty), the characters who dominate the book were formed under the ideals of peace and decorum that lulled England in the pre-war days.

The very mainstay of these ideals was a husband for every girl. The Duchess subscribes to this wholeheartedly, and much of her energy goes into clutching the wrong people away from the right people and throwing the right people together. Youth does the rest, helped out when occasion demands by the Duchess's check book. The acumen of the Duchess's technique and the pith of her advice give these love stories a saving tang. Pleasant, sun-lit episodes, caught together by the Duchess's guiding hand, they pass into their separate happy endings. One darker note, reminiscent of that other Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, author of "The Lodger" and "The Chink in the Armor," is sounded when a lonely old aunt in the story is found to be dying slowly from "arsenical poison." Here we are in the heart of the Belloc Lowndes method, knowing beforehand who the guilty person is, gathering horror not from mystery but from realization, from the sense of guilt that flows chillingly around the apprehensive heart of the evil-doer. We are the criminal, not the pursuers of crime as in the orthodox mystery story. To unregenerate old admirers of Mrs. Lowndes's skill she will seem only at her best in tales of darker import than these of her charming Duchess. For others the present novel will be the portrait of a lady of the time when the word had never yet been hyphenated with either "sales" or "friend."

G. G.

History

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF ROME. By William Chase Greene. Harvard University Press. 1933. $2.

The first impression made by this book is that of a remarkably comfortable book to read. The whole appearance is attractive, and the type, paper, and binding all contribute to make it decidedly pleasant to use. Something of the same feeling persists with regard to the contents after one has become acquainted with them. The book is pleasantly written and makes comfortable reading. Partly as a result of this it is a hard book to classify. It is not history nor literary criticism. It seems rather to be the leisurely comment of a scholar upon his own historical and literary adventures over a period of years. It is a sort of running essay on those things which concern every Latinist who has read his poets and taught his undergraduates. There is nothing of the learned work of original scholarship. The book does not carry forward the frontiers of knowledge at any point, nor does it pretend to do anything of the sort. Something of a defect lies, however, in the fact that while its appeal is not primarily to the scholar it nevertheless often assumes too much knowledge on the part of the general reader.

The nature of the book as a continuous essay naturally leads to a certain unevenness. The author does not pretend to be an authority on all of the fields covered, and a specialist in literature will find his chapter on the magic of words not wholly adequate. It is hardly worth while today to try to outdo Mackail in the epigrammatic characterization of Roman writers, and the tradition which sees in Martial only a cheap bidder for invitations will hardly satisfy the present-day student of Martial's technique. In many ways the chapter on Religion and Philosophy is most suggestive. Probably the reasonably well informed reader will find the chapters on the History of Roman Growth at the other end of the scale. So much has been done recently by the ancient historians to make this development familiar that the present account, often slightly confusing in its chronology, can add but little to the picture. The book should be a decidedly pleasant companion for the gentleman of culture who is not a specialist.

C. W. M.

Miscellaneous

A SPORTSMAN'S SECOND SCRAPBOOK. By John C. Philips. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $4.50.

A widely known ornithologist and hunter brings home from hill, stream, and plain, another "mixed bag for the kindly sportsman." Dr. Philips's sketches have both flavor and finish, and are enormously heightened by the exquisitely delicate and versatile pencil drawings of A. L. Ripley. The author touches upon many interesting ornithological facts,—such as the amazing inexplicable increase in woodcock in the last few years. But while these details concern the specialist, the general reader will find much besides to enjoy in the evident authenticity of such accounts as that of a lion hunt in Arizona, or of Irish country when after Donegal grouse, or of the mysterious house on the shoal in a "Winter Trip to Pamlico."

If you are not interested in the future of grouse shooting in New England or in the ramifications of working up decoys in a duck blind, then turn to the contemplative essay entitled "My Little River"; or to that supposed translation from the French about Boulogne hunters, "La Grande Froideur," which closes the book with nice originality. Within its definite limitations the only complaint against the book is on the score of occasional flippant language, a fulsome sort of mockery, and a surplus of local color. As a birthday gift for a sporting son or nephew, this book would fill the bill ideally.

E. L. V. A.

THE DRAMA OF WEATHER. By Sir Napier Shaw. Macmillan. 1933. $3.50.

Any admittedly popular treatment of a subject as elusive as the weather must of necessity be, to a large extent, pictorial and cannot contain the "meat" of such a standard reference as Humphrey's "Physics of the Air." One finds just that here—many photographs with cogent explanations; many graphs, some quite unique and all interesting, presented in continuity, as the title suggests, with a prologue—(Pageantry in the Sky). A book for those who desire precise information without deep study and one that fits in well with previous publications.

L. T.

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The First Earl of Shaftesbury. L. F. Brown. Appleton. $4. *Sheridan Knowles and the Theatre of His Time.* L. H. Meeks. Bloomington, Ind.: Principia Press. *Eminent Victorians.* L. Strachey. Modern Library. 95 cents. *A Century and One.* H. E. Candles. Putnam. $3.50. *Two Elizabethan Puritan Diaries.* R. Rogers and S. Ward. Ed. M. M. Knappen. Chicago: American Society of Church History $3. *The Lucky Lady.* M. P. Montague. Houghton. $1. *Lincoln Esteemed Washington.* E. S. Meany. Seattle: McCaffrey.

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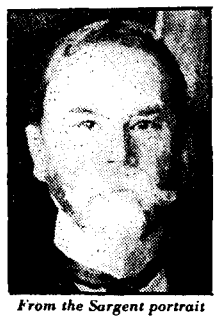
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Apprentices to Life

BY BERTHA E. MAHONY

A RECENT editorial in the *Saturday Review* pointed out that much relief from the vulgarity and brutality of many modern novels and plays of an entirely adult world are to be found today in such books as "The Would-be-goods" and "Dream Days." In writing about some of the finest new books for young people, I should like to call attention to the fact that every one of these books offers literature either of a rarely imaginative quality, or a finely presented cross-section of life in America or some other part of the world.

More than that, although not written for that purpose, many of these books present again and again the way to accomplish the education of the whole man. That is why I have wanted to call this paper "Apprentices to Life."

In August I spent a wonderful afternoon with a Pueblo Indian girl, a graduate of Mount Holyoke, who had been doing practice teaching in Cambridge. She was returning to teach in a government school for her people. "Why," said she, "does there have to be so much agonizing over and dread of a communal form of society? And why do so many new experiments have to be tried? The Pueblo people are living today in the same manner as they have always lived." During the course of the afternoon she praised "The Waterless Mountain," Mrs. Armer's book which received the 1931 Newbery Award. "It was true," she said, "to the Navajo life."

"Waterless Mountain," I have read many times, and Eunice Tietjens's book published the same year, "A Boy of the South Seas." I never read them without wishing that they might be read everywhere by parents and educators with eyes to see and ears to hear. Both books present the pattern for the kind of training of body, mind, and spirit which results in full-statured, free, and effective people.

The book which has just received the Newbery Medal Award for 1932—"Young Fu of the Upper Yangtze," by Elizabeth Foreman Lewis—shows the development of a boy's personality with the growing skill of his hand. Young Fu is apprenticed for three years to a coppersmith. He and his mother, a widow, come down from a hill country village to the walled city of Chungking. There his mother finds work in a bristle factory. The boy begins his apprenticeship with a fine craftsman.

They live in a single room. But a scholar lives in the same house, and with him Young Fu soon begins to learn to read and write. So Young Fu's heart, head, and hand move on apace in the midst of the violent and uncertain present-day Chinese life. Banditry, flood, plague, common to China and the excess of human nature common everywhere flow through this unusually fine story.

Korea's future is bound up with China's, as of course is Japan's. But we in America have known very little of Korea's culture. Now in Younghill Kang's "The Happy Grove" we have the author's boyhood story. We see how much alike are Chinese and Korean ideals. In both countries the scholar is revered, the warrior not at all. In both is a rich and ancient culture with the making of beautiful things inherent in it. Indeed one of the teachings of Confucius vastly important in Korean life is that poverty and hardship are nothing compared with the incapacity to see what is beautiful, what is fine. Those who have enjoyed "The Happy Grove" may follow the young Korean into later life and to America in "The Grass Roof."

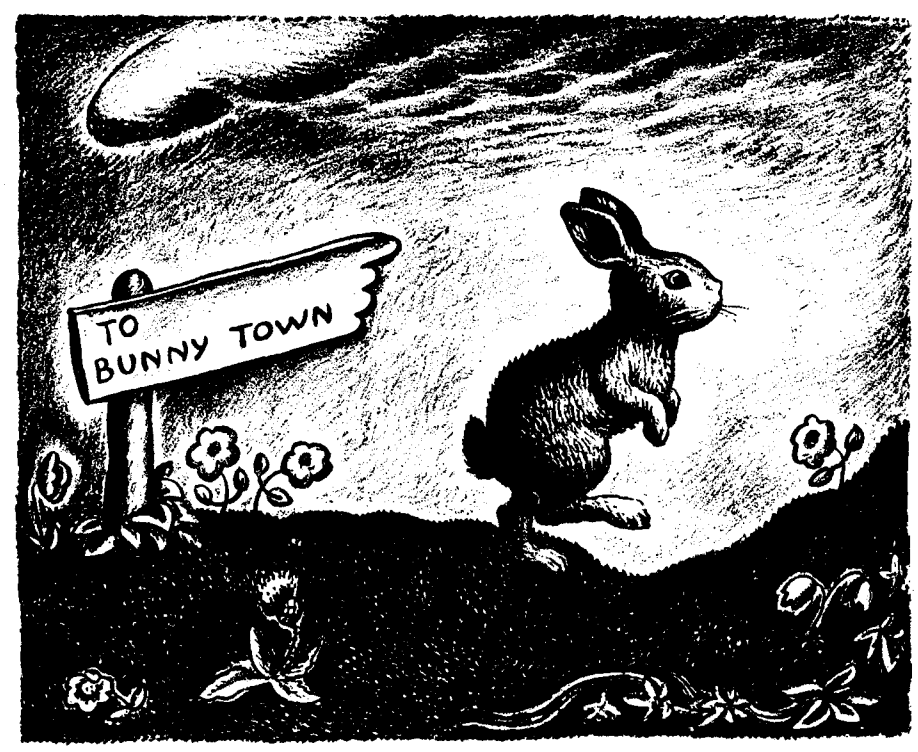
In "The Happy Grove" a boy must find himself in a world of ancient culture confused and oppressed by a conquering westernized nation. In "Peter: Katrinka's Brother," by H. E. Haskell, a Russian lad, believing heartily in the new ideals of his country sees beloved old customs and traditions connected with his village home disappear with a sense of loss and bewilderment while he walks ahead bravely. And in this book Katrinka, beloved in earlier books, marries just as she might have become a prima ballerina.

"An Apprentice of Florence," by Anne D. Kyle, tells how Neno, a boy apprenticed to the silk trade, makes good to such an extent that he is sent on an important mission to Constantinople and there sees and has a part in its siege and fall. This book will take its place with that shelf of books which now includes Marion Lansing's "Magic Gold," Eloise Lownsbery's "Boy Knight of Rheims," Elinor Whitney's "Tod of the Fens" and "Try All Ports," and those volumes of Agnes Danforth Hewes, "Swords on the Sea," "Spice and the Devil's Cave," and her new volume of this year, "The Glory of the Seas." Mrs. Hewes has a connecting theme in these three volumes although they are separate stories,—the history and development of trade.

When Marjorie Medary's Jameson family in "Prairie Anchorage" comes sailing into New York Harbor from Yarmouth on the "Halcyon," they look with pride upon a great clipper off for China, "The Flying Cloud," which figures also in "The Glory of the Seas," made by a ship builder from Nova Scotia, for Donald McKay came from Shelburne. Hannah Jameson's grandfather Quigley was a sea captain and ship owner and Hannah should have been a boy and a sailor but she brings all the qualities the finest kind of young sea captain might have to their new life in an Iowa prairie town, and helps her father, a cabinet maker, establish there a farm and a home for her mother and younger sisters. From the time this family leaves its Nova Scotian home to the end of the tale their experiences and adventures have the character of things lived and passed down in family history.

Spanker the parrot is an important character, and even though their home is on an Iowa prairie, Hannah's ship, "The Sea Hawk," does actually come in at last.

The seafaring tradition strong in "Prairie Anchorage" is strong also in Ethel Parton's "Tabitha Mary." Tabitha Mary Pitpoole is an orphan in the Newburyport of 1825 and Uncle Nimmy, one of her best friends, is a seafaring man, with plenty of sea yarns for young and old alike. He had found that his audience couldn't tell true tales from false, so Uncle Nimmy often



FROM "THE A. B. C. BUNNY"

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entertained himself at the same time he did his listeners. But Tatsy didn't like to be in doubt, and she and Uncle Nimmy had a code by which Tatsy alone could tell whether the story was true or false. Tatsy is such a thoughtful, understanding and capable child that her dearest wish comes to her at the end of the story, and Uncle Nimmy has a part in it.

The first Merino sheep from Spain to arrive in this country actually do arrive in this story on the "Two Marias" in charge of their young Spanish shepherd. Newburyport is Miss Ethel Parton's home and she is writing not from research but from the people and life she has known. The book is full of humor and genuine New England life. "Tabitha Mary" is a high spot in a fine book year.

Captain Grant would enjoy Miss Parton's book and Miss Parton would certainly enjoy "Half-Deck," that absorbing account of the first two voyages of a fourteen-year-old boy from Glasgow, written by a man who was himself a captain at twenty-four. I have seen the enjoyment of one middle-aged man with this book, and one middle-aged woman, and I know that every one who has a liking for the sea will welcome the chance to make this trip on the *Monarch* with a young apprentice like George Grant, and a senior apprentice full of wit and kindliness like Bruce Burns. This is the real thing for the ocean of recent years as Tabitha Mary is the real thing for a New England port fifty years ago.

"Jane Hope," by Elizabeth J. Gray, is a light-hearted story of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in the years just before the Civil War.

"I believe you're going to be pretty after all," said Stephen Farthing to Jane Hope one day. "Pretty," said Stephen calmly, "but pig-headed."

And later,

"Jane Hope, why won't you let your mother marry the Doctor?"

"You want your mother to be happy, don't you?"

"She is happy."

"I said you were pig-headed."

"I don't look the way I mean to be at all, when you're talking," she said, pinching little holes in the grass with a twig while her lip trembled.

"I know you don't mean to be the way you look, but that's how people see you from the outside."

"Selfish and pig-headed?"

"Yes."

But "Jane Hope" is intelligent and not stubborn. She is original, too, and as independent and courageous as Hannah Jameson or Tabitha Mary. "Jane Hope" has a quality like "Tabitha Mary" in that its author, Elizabeth Janet Gray, is writing out of first-hand knowledge of this university town and of past events and people from the accounts of older relatives and friends.

You can put Mrs. Knut Hamsun's "A Norwegian Farm" with books like Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" and Miss Parton's "Tabitha Mary." It is a true picture of family life with the interest centered upon the two brothers Ola and Einar and the two little sisters Ingerid and Martha. The two boys have their first summer as herdsboys in the hills. The little girls get lost on a blueberry jaunt and are rescued by "the wild boar," in other words, the pet pig. Father and the children join the Christmas masqueraders. There are the first days at school for the little girl. The calf goes ski-ing and the boys help to find a home for the little orphan herdsgirl. All is set down simply, unforgettably.

In Eliza Orne White's "Where is Adelaide?," Eleanor Lattimore's "The Seven Crowns," and Irene Mott Bose's "Totaram" are younger apprentices to life than any of those mentioned earlier. It is strange that one season should give us four such salty heroines as Tabitha Mary, Hannah Jameson, Jane Hope and Adelaide—independent, courageous, full of initiative, and with a forthrightness combined with real understanding. Birgit in "The Seven Crowns," who is living with her grandmother in Copenhagen, has plenty of initiative, too. One day she brought home from the market a live fish. And another day two delightful rats—if you like rats—that danced. "Totaram" is a little village boy of India whose story is told with so much truth and skill that he is our "Little Rice Plant" for ever more.

And then there are the picture books for apprentices. This year more good ones than can be mentioned in this paper. Apprentices of almost any age, even journeymen and master craftsmen, will enjoy "The Conquest of the Atlantic" by the d'Aulaires, beautiful lithographs in color and black and white. Text and pictures tell the story of man's conquest first of his own fears; then of the terrible myths of darkness conjured by his ignorance, and then of the sea itself. The story includes all the types of craft to aircraft of 1933. Then there is the new "Ola and Blakken" by the same artists, and to one reader more delightful even than the first "Ola." In the new volume, Ola with the help of the three little girls Line, Sine, and Trine and all the farm animals, save the beloved Blakken from the Troll Cock and capture the cock and celebrate his capture with a feast. The Norwegian land with its northern lights and mountains, its homes bright with gayly painted furniture and its creatures of farm and folk lore as presented by these young artists make one of the most fascinating picture books of our day.

The Petershams' "Get-Away and Háry János" is exciting, too, with the color, gayety, and verve of the drawings. Get-Away is a worn-out toy horse and Háry János, a faded one-armed wooden soldier doll from Hungary. Together they travel to a beautiful land of flowers, birds, castles, cottages, and Christmas trees where old toys become new.

Turn from these to the stillness and peace of Helen Sewell's "Blue Barns," lithographs in black and white which tell the Vermont story of a gander who raised seven little ducks (the goose was too busy eating!) until one spring day, the ducks joined their wild brethren and flew away. Or choose an English farm picture book if you will in Clifford Webb's "Butterwick Farm"—line drawings with lovely blue-green and red-brown color. But on no account miss Wanda Gag's "The ABC Bunny"—black and white lithographs of bunnies hiding, leaping, somersaulting, inquiring, running. Nor must you miss Dorothy Lathrop's "Little White Goat" which leads two children into lovely adventures with creatures of the wood. Elizabeth Mackinstry's reed pen picture book, "The Fairy Alphabet," as used by Marlin—

A is for Ariel famed far and wide,
B is the Bat it delights him to ride,
C is for Caliban, half man and half fish,
D is for Dreaming that gets us our Wish.

is different from all the others and is a proper introduction for two books of sheer magic in their style and charm. These two are Padraic Colum's "The Big Tree of Bunlahy" and Dunsany's "The Curse of the Wise Woman."

The craftsmen of the book should take pride in the bookmaking of "The Big Tree of Bunlahy." Then pen and ink drawings by Jack Yeats are a perfect decoration for stories which might otherwise be better without pictures. The type and the printed page are beautiful and the gray-green binding just right. It is a collection of thirteen tales such as grow only in Ireland and any age will enjoy.

Books published this year and discussed in the above article:

YOUNG FU OF THE UPPER YANGTZE. By ELIZABETH F. LEWIS. Winston. $2.
THE HAPPY GROVE. By YOUNGHILL KANG. Scribners. $2.
PETER: KATRINKA'S BROTHER. By H. E. HASKELL. Dutton. $2.
AN APPRENTICE OF FLORENCE. By ANNE D. KYLE. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
THE GLORY OF THE SEA. By AGNES D. HEWES. Knopf. $2.
PRAIRIE ANCHORAGE. By MARJORIE MEDARY. Longmans, Green. $2.
HALF-DECK. By GORDON H. GRANT. Little, Brown. $2.
JANE HOPE. By ELIZABETH E. GRAY. Viking. $2.
A NORWEGIAN FARM. By MARIE HAMSUN. Lippincott. $2.
WHERE IS ADELAIDE? By ELIZABETH ORNE WHITE. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.
THE SEVEN CROWNS. By ELEANOR LATTIMORE. Harcourt, Brace. $1.75.
TOTARAM. By IRENE MOTT BOSE. Macmillan. $1.90.
THE CONQUEST OF THE ATLANTIC. By INGRI and E. P. d'AULAIRE. Viking. $2.
OLA AND BLAKKEN. By INGRI and E. P. d'AULAIRE. Doubleday, Doran. $1.75.
GET-AWAY AND HARY JANOS. By MAUDE and MISKA PETERSHAM. Viking. $2.
BLUE BARN. By HELEN SEWELL. Macmillan. $1.75.
BUTTERWICK FARM. By CLIFFORD WEBB. Warne. $2.
THE ABC BUNNY. By WANDA GAG. Coward-McCann. $2.
LITTLE WHITE GOAT. By DOROTHY LATHROP. Macmillan. $2.
THE FAIRY ALPHABET. By ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY. Viking. $1.50.
THE BIG TREE OF BUNLAHY. By PADRAIC COLUM. Macmillan. $2.25.
THE CURSE OF THE WISE WOMAN. By LORD DUNSANY. Longmans, Green. $2.

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From the Saturday Review of Literature, Nov. 18th.

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Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

In the News

BOYS' BOOK OF NEWSREEL HUNTERS. By Irving Crump. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1933. $2.

"MAKING" THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER. By Irving Crump. The same. $1.50.

JIM OF THE PRESS. By Graham M. Dean. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1933. $1.75.

RITCHIE OF THE NEWS. By William Heyliger. New York: Appleton-Century Company. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

NEWSPAPER men, if you believe them, never seem quite able to understand the fascination their life has for the laity. Probably you shouldn't believe them; probably they know that the aura of romance in which popular imagination clothes the reporter is more than a reflection of their own fascination with their jobs.

Boys are no different from their elders. Every boy has a period—later than the cowboy and engineer periods, somewhat earlier than the diplomat—when he is going to be a reporter; and every boy has a secret certainty that he would really be a cracking good writer if only he hadn't decided to be a bond salesman.

So the wonder is that there have not been more boy's books built around the newspaper scene, rather than that there is this fall a sudden rush of such books. Perhaps it is only the judgment of book editors that has held off the rush, for every journalist tries at least once to prove that he's a fiction writer, and nine times out of ten his first trial is set into a newspaper background.

Two of the four books here discussed are fiction, two non-fiction. The latter pair are the work of Irving Crump, journalist of many years' experience and author of at least a dozen boys' books.

Of these two, Mr. Crump's "Boys' Book of Newsreel Hunters" is notably the better job. It is a collection of tales of the men who make the news reels, and the subject offers plenty of adventure, courage, resourcefulness—qualities that will make any book attractive to boys. There's a thrilling story of how Cameraman Jack Taylor photographed the killing of a big cave tiger in the hinterland of Amoy. There's another about the time Russell Muth flew above Vesuvius's fire-spewing mouth and almost fell in the crater. There are tales of movie thrills with Byrd in Antarctica and with Wilkins at the North Pole, of "shooting" war scenes and Memorial Day race crashes and World Series baseball. The book is a spirited collection of such yarns—material that must have made Mr. Crump's typewriter rattle.

It gives the boys more than entertainment, however. All the obstacles that face the newsreel hunter, all the speed he must attain to beat his rivals, all the imposing organization of the modern news movie business are detailed and made attractive. Though Mr. Crump might have saved a good many words in some of his tales, and though he has made Pangborn and Herndon land in Canada instead of Wenatchee, Washington, on their world-circling flight, he's done a job that boy readers (and often adults) will devour.

"'Making' the School Newspaper," however, is not so fortunate a subject nor so readable a book. Masquerading as fiction, it follows a high school boy from his first efforts to "make" his school paper's staff to his triumph as its editor. The book is not fiction, however. It is frankly a manual for the high school newspaper worker, and it is so heavily interlarded with verbose advice and with examples of what actual papers have done in actual situations that it becomes pretty dull reading. In one instance it offers advice that professional newspaper men, at least, would find it hard to agree with.

"Jim of the Press," in contrast with "'Making' the School Newspaper," may be said to be semi-fact. It is the story of the journalistic adventures or a boy who, starting as a linotype operator in a small-town newspaper office, graduates into a reporter's job and at length becomes an Associated Press staff man in the state capital. Though neither the boy nor the other figures who move through the book are very live, and though the story is marred by the presence of a conventional and not very convincing villain, young readers will enjoy it. It has authentic newspaper background, and the somewhat disconnected incidents of which it is fabricated are interesting.

The fourth book is William Heyliger's "Ritchie of the News." As usually happens when a book by Mr. Heyliger appears in competition with others similar to it, this one steals the show. Todd Ritchie, young assistant to the editor of a weekly paper, finds himself saddled with responsibility for handling the paper when the editor is smashed up in an automobile accident; he takes the paper through a trying period, making mistakes but eventually overcoming the obstacles his job presents.

The story is as simple as that. Its excellence lies in the warm life of the background Mr. Heyliger creates, and in the genuine reality of the boy and the men and women with whom he deals as well as of the situations he meets. There's nothing heroic about Todd Ritchie; but there's a gripping sincerity and honesty about the adventure he experiences. You believe in the boy and you know, whether or not you are a newspaper man, that his problems are as real as daylight.

I don't believe this is among Mr. Heyliger's three best books: I like "Quinby and Son," "High Benton," "Johnny Bree" better. But it's a grand story for any boy's library.

Mitchel V. Charnley is a member of the department of technical journalism of the Iowa State College.

New Pictures for Children's Classics

THE ARTHUR RACKHAM FAIRY BOOK. Old Tales with New Illustrations by Arthur Rackham. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1933. $2.50.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. New York: Coward-McCann. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THESE two new volumes of time-hallowed stories for children with new illustrations by two distinguished artists, one English and one American, are books of selections. First, Mr. Rackham has made a book of old favorites, chosen chiefly from Perrault, the traditional English tales, the Arabian Nights, and Hans Andersen. He also includes the English poet Southey's famous story of "The Three Bears," "Hansel and Gretel" from Grimm, "Beauty and the Beast" by Madame de Villeneuve, and Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle."

Rackham's brilliance and versatility have long been familiar to us. He has impressed a distinct style of his own upon the illustration of classics for children. His idiosyncrasy in draughtsmanship and coloring is so well known that there is little to add to former comment upon it. But in this particular book there are two things to note: one is his use of the silhouette, a most accomplished use; the other, his sketches in apparently casual thin line that, to me, are the most enjoyable things in the volume. On pages 24 and 25, in the story of "Hop-O'-My-Thumb," we find an extreme example, a rapid delineation of little figures that would seem in the manner almost of a child's drawing, were they not by a master-draughtsman. "Dick Whittington" is done entirely in silhouettes, as is "Henny-Penny," and with what expression! But for a rapid and yet gorgeously lively sketch, turn to page 236 which shows the cat at the carriage of the King, telling his Majesty about the Marquis of Carabas! Examining the colored plates, I should like to point out two in particular: the lovely face and head of "The Sleeping Beauty" and the so very bearish "Three Bears," both of which are delineations to dwell on with delight. Lippincott has also brought out this season the "Goblin Market" of Christina Rossetti, illustrated by

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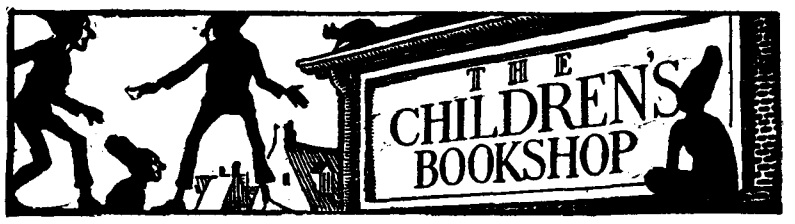


Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

Rackham where his portrayal of the lovely girls, Laura and Lizzie, and his decorative handling of the little goblin men is in his best manner. Yet, as a feat of interpretation, I am more impressed by his drawing on page 244 of the "Fairy Book" for "The Emperor's New Clothes," where the procession is seen entirely by its shadows—a fine and original use of black and white.

This brings me to Miss MacKinstry's interpretations of Hans Andersen, because Miss Anne Carroll Moore, in her introduction, calls special attention to Miss MacKinstry's illustration of this same incident. To me it cannot compare with the Rackham drawing. If such a comparison be odious, I may say that I am a genuine admirer of much of the work of Elizabeth MacKinstry. It is to be judged by the highest standards of draughtsmanship. I like her vignettes in the Andersen, though a few remind us of the work of the late Lovat Fraser. I like her middle double-spread in color, for "The Most Extraordinary Thing." In general, however, I do not care quite as much for the style she has adopted here as for her manner in other work of hers I have seen. In the same season she has also issued another book for children, "The Fairy Alphabet" (Viking Press), wherein I find her "H is for Hiding—" and several other drawings of great charm, as is the colored cover design (not to speak of the perfection of the captions), but in general it seems to me that her style here has become over-ornamental. Arrangement in black and white has in many cases stolen away the life of her drawing. In spite of these doubtless hypercritical strictures it need hardly be said that Miss MacKinstry's work is always authoritative and full of imagination.

Pioneers

LONE RIDER. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. New York: Longmans, Green. 1933. $2.

NEW LAND. By Sarah Lindsay Schmidt. New York: McBride. 1933. $2.

HILLS OF GOLD. By Katherine Grey. Boston: Little, Brown. 1933. $2.

PRAIRIE ANCHORAGE. By Marjorie Medary. New York: Longmans, Green. 1933. $2.

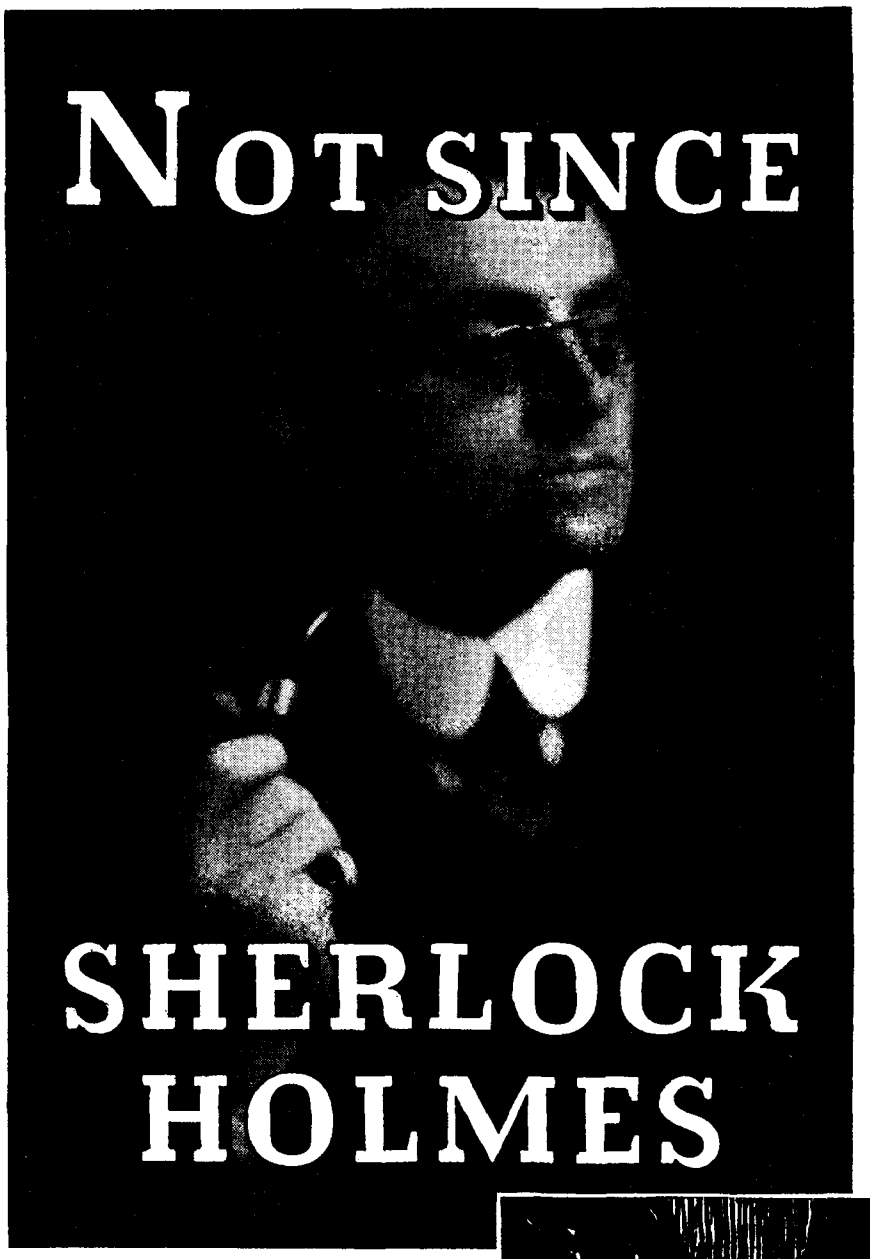
Reviewed by MARION CANBY

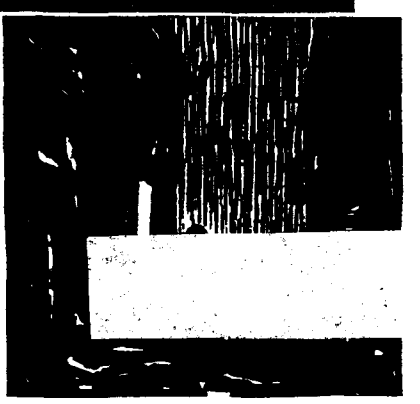
HERE is a quartet of competently written books, in which the beneficial effect of good material on style is plain. "Lone Rider," with the richest material—the thrill of the Lone Rider and the Pony Express are as valid as ever—has the most substantial style. "New Land," a warmly human story of two young people's efforts to work a claim in Wyoming under modern conditions, responds by candid writing to the often drastic realities which confront its characters. ("Life did things like that—queer, cruel, dreadful things . . ." a bromide, perhaps, but how seldom to be found in books for the young Polyannas we apparently believe our children to be!) But material is not all. "Hills of Gold" and "Prairie Anchorage," for instance, are built on a skeleton of information, and at once seem impersonal in utterance, though both are sprightly and full of color. "Hills of Gold" takes us through most of the phases of the California gold rush, with the characteristic life of mountains and ranch as background, including a picture of Sutter's Fort. This book is a sequel to the popular "Rolling Wheels." "Prairie Anchorage" is really a diary written in the third person, based on real letters, etc., a pleasant medium for explaining the various modes of travel in the fifties—in this case all the way from Nova Scotia to the prairies via New York. The style is light and vivacious, in keeping with the entertaining and somewhat slight material. All four of these books are well documented, and on the right track because they are *about something!*

The fact that they, in company with scores of other recent juveniles, concern themselves with pioneering is significant as another straw pointing to our awakened national consciousness; and the "Lone Rider" lifts from local color and background to a considerable stirring of the imagination. But to this reviewer's mind, "New Land" has a touch at least of a different and deeper significance for our adolescent literature. It adds to locale the reaction of real people. To be sure, these people are all more or less sketchy except for the seventeen-year-old heroine, and she, certainly, does not depart, except in the vivacity of her presentation, from the type-heroine of most books for the teens, the plucky, straightforward good sport. Certainly we all know her like, and the healthy elements of American life are bound to produce her, but in most stories she is too apt to be merely a scarcely human outgrowth of the Campfire movement. Here at least she is a live girl, bang up against real conditions. So far, so good!

Perhaps the dullest average of present-day writing is to be found in books for the 'teens—why, who knows? Possibly because they are suspended between infantile fancy and adult imagination. This being so, the tediously conventional existence that we have wished on our adolescents seems to be the readiest because the most familiar material and the style follow suit. But, oh, when will some inspired person write about the uncannily bewitching combination of the serpent and the dove whom also, in her thousand variants, we have about us, when will someone put *this* girl against almost any true background—and there is no compelling need for that background to be far off or long ago! And when will some other or the same person write about a boy who is not a muscular moron and a hero at one and the same time? The difference between the generation of the 'teens in most books for young people and that same generation, only a little advanced in age, as it appears in adult books, is really too absurd! An area of personal material lies about us almost untouched, awaiting a rush of imagination to the heads of our writers for adolescence. Our publishers should page a modern Louisa Alcott!

SCISSOR CUT BY UGO MOCHI
From "African Shadows," Robert O. Ballou





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Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

The Glamorous Past

ERIC THE RED. By Lida Siboni Hanson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $1.75.

A LOYAL FOE. By Ivy Bolton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1933. $2.

THE APPRENTICE OF FLORENCE. By Anna D. Kyle. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $2.

GLORY OF THE SEAS. By Agnes Danforth Hewes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS TOBEY

WILL the future writers of historical fiction be able to make the life of the twentieth century boy and girl as glamorous and as fortunate in adventure as the authors of these four books tell us life was for our predecessors? In the first and the fifteenth centuries, whether in England or Italy, the dangers of existence lent an excitement which the contemporary youth hardly appreciated, but even in nineteenth century Boston there was the romance of clipper ships and the hazards of slave smuggling and the dreams and temptations provided by the rich stories out of California.

"Eric the Red" we pounced on eagerly, for Eric Linklater's very adult "Men of Ness" recently reminded us that the Viking saga never dulls, and besides here were striking illustrations in a clear, handsome line by the Scandinavian artist, Ernst Hansen. But though the author has dug deep into the Icelandic sagas and been meticulously faithful to the historic findings she has been less faithful to the spirit of the Vikings. Here is an ever good tale that should be shouted through the house told in a dull, one-keyed mumble, and with a use of cliché which is particularly alien to the nature of her subject.

Ivy Bolton, on the other hand, writes a fine, contemporary English in her story of Damory's lord in bitter woe who conquers Damory's fiercest foe. The story is laid in the last years of the Wars of the Roses when Rex Damory served well the young princes who were eventually to be murdered in the Tower. The vividly conveyed historical background is adroitly dominated by the story of Rex, a fictional character through whom Miss Bolton succeeds, and admirably, in her intention of presenting "a picture of the conditions which would surround a Red Rose lad who had fallen into captivity to the house of York." Again the author of "The Shadow of the Crown" has written a book that boys and girls can read and reread, and again Henry C. Pitz has pictured it for her.

Anna D. Kyle also chooses the fifteenth century for her new book, but her story is laid in Florence, the teeming, rich, and dangerous medieval city at the height of its glory, before the dissolution of the guilds, and the Medicis. Columbus as a youth appears in these pages, but it is Neno, a young boy from Fregione, around whom the tale revolves and Neno is one for getting himself quite innocently involved in the most threatening escapades. Through his apprenticeship to Messer Bardo, the silk merchant, which results in his service in a Constantinople beseiged by the Turks, and his friendship for Vanni, who may be the Unknown Florentine of a painting still to be seen in a Florence gallery, the author gives a lively picture of the life of any Neno of those days. Yet somehow it is the picture which becomes crowded, too much so, rather than the life portrayed; and once again we meet here with an ancient and unhonorable habit of seasoning paragraphs with genuine, not-to-be-doubted Italian words, and allusions which require parenthetic explanation or footnotes. The illustrations are by Erick Berry.

For a picture of Italy at the time of the great merchants we should deny ourselves "The Apprentice of Florence" in favor of "Swords on the Sea," by Agnes Danforth Hewes, a tale of Venice's heyday. Now Mrs. Hewes presents us with "Glory of the Seas," a story of Boston in the days when Donald McKay was launching his clipper ships. John Seagrave, a young shipping clerk, is the book's plausible hero—a shipping clerk who sees more than dull routine in his job, who itches for a try at the California that is speeding the *Sea Witch* and the *Flying Cloud* on their way. But there is adventure in Boston itself, as he discovers when he shields a fugitive Savannah slave from the alert and conscientious minions of the Fugitive Slave Law. Mrs. Hewes's books are among the most distinguished for older boys and girls, and "Glory of the Seas" is her best, a story which is of, as well as in, the American tradition and which no one is too adult to enjoy. Read "Glory of the Seas" and then go back and discover Mrs. Hewes's earlier books if you haven't already had that pleasure.

"Five and Ten" Music

ROUNDABOUT BOOK. By Bob and Ted Maier. Boston: Riker, Brown & Wellington. 1933. $1.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

WHILE the future of American music engages the speculations of theorists, the sons of Guy Maier, the distinguished pianist, have gone more practically to work. At the age of five (Ted) and six (Bob), they wrote their first book, "Song-Cargo," words, music, and pictures by themselves. Now they have published "Rounabout Book." "Roundabout Book" is so called because, as the preface sagely tells us, you always go 'round and back again from the pictures and the stories (about the pictures) to the music." The authors point with modest pride to their achievement: "We didn't want to put words to this music, like in 'Song-Cargo,' our other book, because music can talk without words. (And besides, we wrote 'Song-Cargo' when we were 5 and 6 years old. We are 7 and 8 now.)" Artistic progress could not be more succinctly expressed.

Those who saw "Song-Cargo" will recall that it was a deeply philosophical volume, even running to mysticism. For example, the song entitled "A Whale-Stone," with its eerie tune (to be played "Thoughtfully"), presents the interpenetration of all things:

> There is a stone in our backyard that looks like a whale swimming in the snow.

Well, shades of the prison-house close around all of us, and it is too much to expect that "Roundabout Book" should not mark a change. It is not unphilosophical, but it is mostly filled with Gore and Conflict. The motif of the volume is predominantly a struggle between a tribe of unnamed Bad Men, and various stupendous (but delightful) animals. There is, for example, the Stone-Throwing: "Spinning like a top, he magnetizes stones out of a pit which bound off him and strike his enemies." The terrific picture which illustrates his activities on p. 29 also presents an anonymous behemoth with "a trunk like the nozzle of a gun which blows his enemies to smithereens," and the following page introduces the reader to the Boat-Eater, from whose back bombs "just bounce off." The Bad Men haven't a chance.

Lest the reader become absolutely terrified, there are more peaceful scenes and creatures. The Moon-Polies "have no bodies, or arms, or legs, but . . . just roll up and down the mountains." And there is a charming and fantastic circus parade, and a highly realistic football game.

The music (as in the previous volume) is fresh and delightful, though possibly a bit more sophisticated than in "Song-Cargo." There are various technical advances and inventions which will delight the musicianly. I like "Watching the Rain" and "A No-Name Piece" especially. The pieces are all thoroughly usable for children learning to play the piano.

As Guy Maier says in the preface, "If strife and violence seem to be much stressed, one knows that this is natural in many boys of this age." There is too much merely pretty-pretty stuff written for children's instructions, and "Roundabout Book" is nothing if not vigorous. It will be curious and instructive to see what phase the next volume by the young poet-composers will present.

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PERSONALS

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EXPERIENCED ms. reader (Engish, French, German, Italian, Spanish) with published translations and numerous reviews to his credit, wants editorial reading, compilation, translation, rewriting. His broad general education includes critical knowledge of music. Full or part time; no speculative propositions. References. Box 384.

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GREETINGS—Does Chicago harbor busy executive or club leader desiring services of skillful secretary combining business ability with alert personality? Could relieve of tiresome detail, attend to personal matters, banking, purchasing, etc. Box 381.

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TELLING of President Wilson, "Literary Digest" writes: "However, the President at one point inserted a 'probably' which, according to Sir Edward Grey, completely changed the character of the proposal." Thumb-twiddling log-rollers that bleat "Shake-speare" please ponder. George Frisbee.

TYPISTS, two, female, speedy, accurate, desired at boys' college preparatory school near Philadelphia. Free room, board, laundry—no salary. Send photo and recommendations to Box T.

YOUNG Italian Basso desires sponsor, or very small sum. Unquestionable musical endorsement. Box 375.

PERSONAL

This department is somewhat embarrassed by the number of "personals" sent in each week which ask for correspondence between lonely souls—embarrassed because THE SATURADAY REVIEW *does not propose to run either a nuptial agency or a come-up-and-see-me department. Sometimes the accompanying letters supply strong reasons for running the advertisement:—for example, a stranger from abroad writes that our column must have brought happiness to many people; a girl on a remote ranch is starving for talk about books; a woman in a distant Indian jungle has not seen a white face for a year; young (white) South Africans wish to write young (white) North Americans. But when a widow wishes a travelling companion, sex unspecified, or a girl who hates gin wants to meet a man who loves beer, or a gentleman seeks a young lady for an experiment in "the good life" on a sea island, this department prefers to raise its eyebrows and decline to collaborate.*

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Gargantuan

CERVANTES'S DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA. Translated, with an introduction, by John Ormsby. Illustrated by Enric C. Ricart. Barcelona, for the Limited Editions Club. 1933.

THERE are as many sizes for a book as there are types to print it in, and as there are opinions about them. It is instructive to read in this connection the chapter entitled "Of Size and Convenience," in Holbrook Jackson's "Anatomy of Bibliomania," wherein the pros and cons are deftly balanced. Yet there is something comforting in the words of Callimachus of Alexandria—"A big book is as bad as a great misfortune."

The two volumes before me are, if not Gargantuan, at least formidable in bulk: if impressiveness was sought, here it is. But there are certain qualities about this edition which make for distinction and interest, and we recommend that, in connection with this insufficient review, the reader peruse Mr. Macy's highly entertaining account of the printing of the books, as set forth in the *Monthly Letter* of the Limited Editions Club for September. There is not space here to do justice to the difficulties, delays, and annoyances which attended the printing. The printing was indeed Quixotic.

Ormsby's translation has been used, with his notes and with corrections and additions supplied by the Spanish printer. We agree with Mr. Macy that the pictures are not marvellous, but that they are technically well engraved, and clever, and that the volumes are well printed. I confess that I was annoyed by the bulk, but that the work was worth doing in the style it was done in.

R.

Illustrated Editions

ANNA KARENINA. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Constance Garnett. Wood engravings by Nikolas Piscariov. Moscow, for the Limited Editions Club. 1933.

THERE is little to be said in favor of this edition of "Anna Karenina." It has been printed by the State Publishing House for Fiction and Poetry of the U. S. S. R., and compares pretty well with the work of the Government Printing Office of the U. S. A. There is a "distinctly different" flavor about it, but it is not a flavor to my liking. The type is undistinguished, the books are too much rounded in the backs, and the pictorial or decorative elements lack either interest or the bizarre qualities of the best Russian work.

COLERIDGE'S KUBLA KHAN. With interpretative illustrations by John Vassos. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $3.

I MUST confess to a complete lack of understanding or of sympathy with Vassos's work. I feel about it as Voltaire did about a friend with whom he disagreed: "I disagree with every word you say, but I will defend with my life your right to say it." There will be those who like and understand Vassos: to them his work is addressed.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. Edited and illustrated with wood engravings by Boris Artzybasheff. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.

OLD Man Æsop seems to have had something of a renaissance of late; he seems to have been rediscovered as a classic. For a man of whom nothing is known, and who probably led a disreputable life, he has retained a considerable hold on the affections of readers and printers. In 1926 the Golden Cockerel Press issued an edition with some bold and striking wood engravings by Celia M. Fiennes; a few years ago an English edition was issued here by Dutton, with reproductions of the etchings by Marcus Gheeraerts the Elder; recently Mr. Rogers's splendid version, with reproductions of Italian wood-cuts, appeared, and had due notice in these columns; now comes another edition with original pictures. The balance between original work and reproductions of old runs about like that, to suit every fancy. A list of editions of Æsop would be an extensive affair.

Mr. Artzybasheff has used Croxall's edition of 1722 and James's version of 1848 as the basis for his stories: but his more important contribution is the series of twenty spirited wood engravings. They are in the modern technique of white-and-black line, amusing, illustrative, and decorative. The typography of the book fails to keep pace with the wood-blocks, but is inoffensive.

R.

"Commercial" Printing

A CORRESPONDENT in Philadelphia who reads the Compleat Collector writes to ask some questions which have apparently been on his mind. And the questions are so pertinent, and probably have so bothered others, that I think an open answer is justified.

Q.—"Am I right in understanding that Bruce Rogers does not design schemes and lay-outs for commercial projects?"

A.—A "commercial project," as I understand it, is one in which the undertakers hope to obtain a money profit from the sale of the goods produced. By this interpretation, Mr. Rogers, along with practically every printer who has ever worked, *does* design schemes and lay-outs for commercial projects. Take the "Odyssey" or the "Æsop's Fables" (two recent examples of his work): they were both produced for commercial enterprises—the Oxford University Press and the Limited Editions Club. Mr. Rogers's work has never been "flashy" enough to suit the advertiser, but in the past he has designed numerous things for a machine composition firm, and various advertisements and circulars. But there is no difference in the primary objective of clients whom he has often served. The fact is that practically *all* printers print for commercial purposes: the exceptions can be counted on the fingers of one hand—for the moment I can think of but one or two.

Q.—"Is Mr. Updike of the Merrymount Press regarded as the greatest typographer on commercial lay-outs? Or who is?"

A.—Inasmuch as Mr. Updike manages an actual printing office, with its inevitable accompaniments of pay-roll, interest on investment, depreciation, new equipment, etc., he has had to maintain a steady stream of work through the shop. This has meant a more apparent attention to "commercial" printing than in the case of Mr. Rogers. His attitude does not differ in principle from Mr. Rogers's, though in practice there are differences because of facts just stated.

There is no "greatest typographer on commercial lay-out." If you mean that Mr. Updike has done a much greater amount of miscellaneous printing (non-book printing) than Mr. Rogers, you are right. But there are many printing-offices in this country which have done many times as much as Mr. Updike, quantity considered.

Q.—"Am I right that a typographer on such a job will take a contract to design a typographical scheme, with the understanding that the design is to be used practically by a local printer?"

A.—No typographer of the rank of Mr. Rogers or Mr. Updike will do so. Mr. Updike insists on doing his work in his own shop: Mr. Rogers insists on doing it in some shop which he knows intimately, and which he knows has the resources in type and intelligence properly to carry out his plans. The production of first-class printing requires an extremely close coöperation between the designer and the workman, from start to finish. The substitution of one kind of Caslon type for another, the misplacing of a few leads, the proper amount of ink, which are matters of little or no importance to the ordinary local printer, are of the details which make or mar good printing. First-class designers cannot afford to run such risks.

R.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Poor old Quercus is unfortunately not methodical at making notes, but wishes to jot down some casual observations made on the road recently. ☞A delicious lady met in the lively book department of Hudson's great store in Detroit said she was trying to organize a Christmas Club of 13 zealots to buy the New English Dictionary (13 volumes) jointly, each member to have constant possession of one volume. ☞A set of this noble work was handsomely on display at the new Doubleday, Doran shop in the Fisher Building in Detroit, where Ben Silberman, the manager, has a big pink easy chair near the door which would be ideal for a customer to sit down and look over the *Saturday Review.* ☞The motto carved on one flank of the Detroit Public Library is *Civilization is the Accumulated Culture of Mankind.* ☞Detroit took a hard beating in the banking troubles, as the empty windows in the Book Building show, but has its galluses buckled up for the future. ☞Mr. and Mrs. Duckett, friendly hosts at Sheehan's well-known bookstore, commented on the increased sale of Everyman's Library in hard times. ☞The *Saturday Review* mermaids are always glad to hear news of the Mermaid Book Shop at 1014 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, run by Clayton W. Morse, Jr., in a roomy and picturesque old mansion. Mr. Morse has an exceptional stock of books, both new and rare; also a notable display of antique furniture, silver and glass. One of the rooms of the Mermaid establishment is rented to the Witenagemot, a bohemian club, which uses as an ashtray a china replica of a silk hat. ☞Old Quercus was sorry that he had no time to visit McClurkin's on John R. Street, a second-hand shop he has heard highly praised. Odd that Detroit, center of the automotive industry, has the most decrepit-looking taxis of any large city. ☞On the Vernor Highway is the modest Hotel Roe, which must please Minnie Hutzler (who came from Detroit). ☞On Elizabeth Street is a restaurant where they serve the most delicious lake perch sauté; and a Deep Dish Old Fashioned (legal by the time this is printed) at 50 cents. ☞Sorry also not to be able to accept Paul Eggleston's invitation to visit his bookshop in Battle Creek, which he described in a telegram as "young and thriving." ☞Very pleasant to meet again at Hudson's old friends of the Trade, Mrs. Anna Morris, Miss Mary Welch, Miss Spurr and others; and Ward Macauley who came in to exchange greetings. ☞Sociological data: the windows of the Book-Cadillac Hotel specially designed to exclude soot; and the Oxford Group holding a meeting in the hotel. Noticed, opposite the Book-Cadillac, that the Reliable Furniture Co. gets a free advt. every sunny morning by the shadow of its sign falling on a blank wall, clearly repeating the letters on a fine preferred position.

* *

☞In Columbus, learned from the alert Mrs. L. S. Teeter, head of Lazarus's book department, that in department store lingo books are officially included as "small wares." ☞Mrs. Teeter, a long-standing friend of the *Saturday Review,* broke all records some years ago when she was in Sanford's Store in Cedar Rapids by getting 125 subscribers to the Review in that town alone. ☞At R. G. Long's bookstore, alongside the campus of Ohio State University, found a first edition of W. D. Howells's *The Undiscovered Country* (Houghton Mifflin, 1880) for $1. And Gene Rea of that store generously gave Old Quercus a copy of Pearsall Smith's *The Youth of Parnassus* (1895)—Quercus's own copy having mysteriously vanished years ago. ☞Columbus was very full of Midwestern halloo and color; Ohio State was playing Illinois that Saturday afternoon; the luxurious Deshler-Wallick, where interior decorators must once have had fun, was thronged with football parties. ☞In his ignorance Old Quercus had not known there's a fine river in Columbus, the Scioto (which they pronounce Sciotuh); also a store called Moby's, whose detective is perhaps known as Moby's dick. ☞Gene Rea, the bookseller, insists that Ohio maple syrup is every bit as good as the Vermont; and says the German *saengerchor* on Saturday nights is second to none. ☞Though Quercus's time was pledged to the Lazarus store, Mrs. Teeter generously gave him leave of absence long enough to get a glimpse of the football game; a noble spectacle, with the Ohio State student band performing magnificent evolutions. ☞Besides O. Henry, Columbus numbers in its literary associations W. D. Howells, Elliott Nugent, and W. R. Burnett; and we have always remembered that the first American edition of Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat was printed there. ☞The anthem of Ohio State University is sung to the tune of Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. ☞Joe Carroll of Blue Ribbon Books was in town selling large quantities of *Three Little Pigs.* ☞By the way, one of the Three Little Pigs now carolling in costume at Lord & Taylor's went into the Book Department and insisted on buying a *Saturday Review.*

* *

In Cleveland also spirits were much more hopeful than when Quercus visited there last February. The big book department at Halle Brothers was lively as usual and Old Quercus and Eddie Ziegler of Doubleday's were privileged to attend a meeting of Halle's Book Department Sorority, the Blotto Club. At Korner and Wood's Quercus found a copy of the Everyman edition of *The Elements of Euclid,* and tried to start an agitation in favor of the city erecting a statue to the geometer for whom its great shopping street is named. ☞At Burrows Brothers, Gordon Bingham showed us *Burrows' Book Chat,* a monthly bulletin edited for the store by Jennie Tucker, which has been very well received. ☞There's a delightful lunchroom on Euclid Avenue called the Gazelle, which pleased Quercus as the heroine of a book he is fond of was so named; and the waitresses were conformable to the emblem. ☞The book department at May's is being revised and enlarged by Mrs. Josephine Green.

* *

☞Miss Marguerite Feder, manager of Taylor's Book Department in Cleveland, and Miss Mary Wiener, ditto at Polsky's in Akron, are both alumnae of Fred Melcher's bookselling course at the Columbia Summer School. ☞In the very beautiful book department in Higbee's new store in Cleveland, managed by Miss Gertrude Jaster, Quercus found a Children's Room where Mrs. Helen Winslow was telling fairy tales to a group of youngsters, illustrating with a magic lantern. ☞A one-day visit to Akron revealed much book-enthusiasm in the city of rubber tires: both Polsky's and O'Neil's were busy with Christmas trade; and at 32 South High Street Quercus found The Old Book Store, a second-hand shop of the most genuine flavor, where he bought a volume of Victor Hugo. ☞Charley Jackson of Burrow's Brothers, Cleveland's famous Scotch bibliophile, drove the Survey back from Akron to Cleveland in the dusk, and showed again his amiable gift for getting lost in the streets of his own home town.

* *

☞In Chicago: Ben Abramson of the Argus Book Shop has just completed another section of his original North Wall catalogue. ☞Renewed the impression that the elevator girls at Mandel's are the most beautiful in the world. ☞Miss Penelope Berglund of the *Little House* at Mandel's, a suggestionable display of Interior Decorating, cooperates with Miss Svendsen's book department by putting a few appropriate books in her miniature maisonette. ☞Mrs. Hutchings at Carson Pirie's busy getting out Christmas number of the book department's magazine *The Thistle.* ☞Adolph Kroch was absent in New York for the opening of Brentano's Fifth Avenue window. ☞Quercus's copy of *Mr. Fortune Wonders* is distinctly an Association Item, for he found it in the kitchen of Marcella Hahner's apartment, where Mrs. Hahner was allowing him to raid her ice box, and begged permission to make off with it. ☞Quercus does not yet know exactly what is a Commodity Dollar, but there seemed to be plenty of them circulating at Marshall Field's. ☞After visiting so many of the Big Outlets, Quercus was more inclined than ever to advance his theory that the department store is the chief cultural influence on the Middle Class to which most of us belong. There, more than anywhere, we improve our ideas of color, form, taste, and choice. Even universities and museums probably have less effective influence upon popular aesthetics. Old Quercus has been accused of being lacking in "sociological contemporaneity" but he is more a considerer of Trend than you might suppose.

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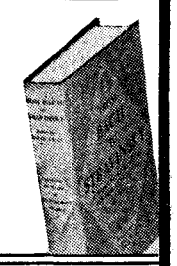

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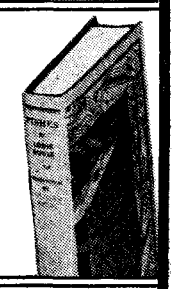

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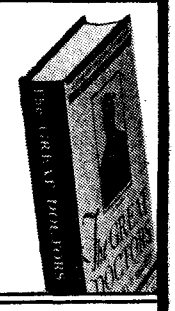

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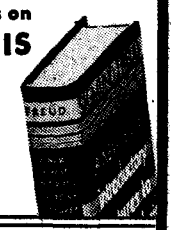

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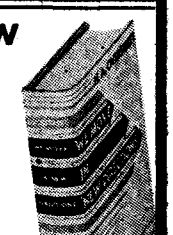

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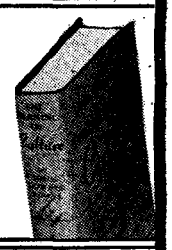

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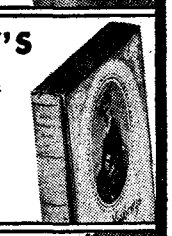

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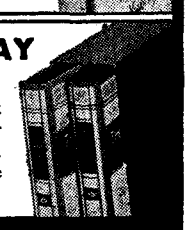

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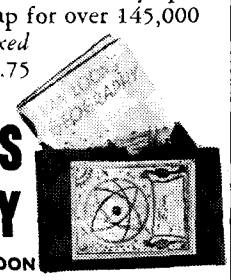

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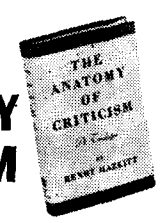

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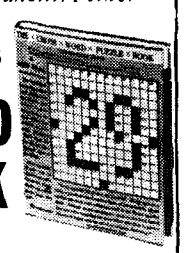

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